

The Sketch

No. 1117.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1914.

SIXPENCE.

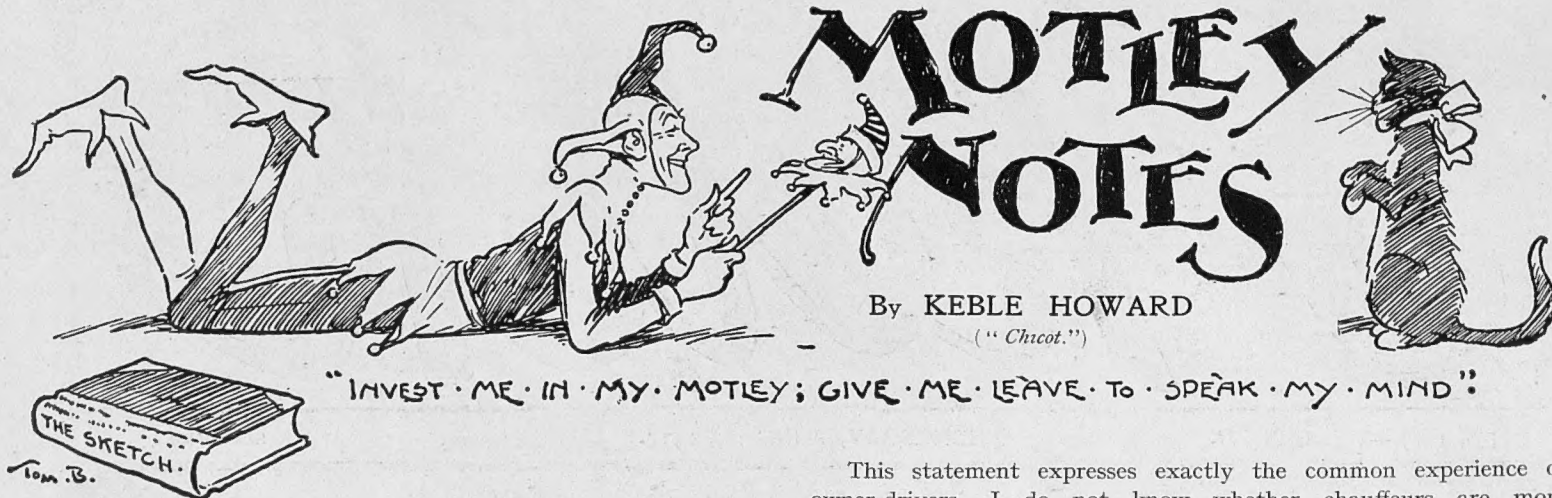


FOR SALE.

SPECIAL FOR THE MIDNIGHT BALL: THE MIDNIGHT COCKTAIL.

We give here the recipe for the Midnight Cocktail created for the amazing Midnight Ball, at the Savoy, by those well-known mixers Messrs. Sid Knight and Abbot,

of the Alhambra and Palace American Bars. Exact quantities must be used. This cocktail will be on sale during the Ball, at the special American Bar.



Art and the Suffragette.

Without entering into the rights or wrongs of the question, I do wish the Suffragettes would endeavour to be a little more artistic in their methods. A few nights ago I went to see "The Land of Promise" at the Duke of York's Theatre. In the second act, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, being on a Canadian farm, has to do a little ironing. A young man from England, who is supposed to typify the wastrel for whom there is no demand in Canada, is lolling in a chair. Miss Vanbrugh takes the ironing-board from a corner of the room, and carries it to the table. She then has a line to speak to this effect—

"You've soon adopted Colonial methods. You let me carry the ironing-board about."

Before the young man could reply, on the night of my visit, there came a shrill voice from the gallery, "Yes, and that wouldn't happen if women had the vote!"

Now, either this statement was absurd, or the whole Cause is ridiculous. If the Suffragettes want the vote in order that they may compel men to carry ironing-boards about, then the Cause seems to me particularly futile. An ironing-board, to begin with, is not a very heavy thing. I know this, because when I was quite small we had an ironing-board at home which could easily be converted into a see-saw, and I can distinctly remember carrying the ironing-board in my very youthful arms. Apart from that, everything to do with ironing is distinctly feminine work. Ironing is a most delicate operation. I have tried it, and I know. Directly a man tries to iron anything, he either makes a very bad crease in the article he is ironing or scorches a hole in it. If, therefore, it is the desire of the Suffragettes to obtain sufficient power to force men to do work for which they are entirely unsuited, to the neglect of work for which they are suited, then the Cause is not worth helping; but I do not think that this is their desire; therefore, I am forced to the conclusion that the remark of the lady in the gallery was stupid and inartistic.

How She May Win Friends.

It is really a thousand pities, when you come to think of it, that so many risks should be run by the Suffragettes, and so much energy wasted, on committing deeds that cannot gain them popular approval. They could be so useful, since they are prepared to run these risks and take all this trouble, if only they would be guided by popular desire. One cannot praise them in the slightest for burning down churches. Churches are often very beautiful, and always sacred to a large number of people. On the other hand, we have plenty of public buildings which are utterly hideous, and for which nobody cares a rap. If the Suffragettes would only burn down a few of these public buildings, they would run just the same risk of imprisonment, the blaze would be just as big, the deed would attract just as much attention, and they would also make for themselves a lot of new friends.

Road Manners.

A few weeks ago, in describing a motor-trip to Sheringham, and back by the East Coast, I took the opportunity of calling the attention of the owners of motor-cars who employ chauffeurs to the often discourteous conduct of their drivers. A correspondent, who has paid me the compliment of deciding to make the same trip, concludes his letter thus—

"I would much like to heartily endorse your final paragraph. I have driven my cars over twenty-three thousand miles in this country, and when the courtesy—not to say the justice—of the road is shown I am sure to find an owner-driver. On the other hand, a chauffeur takes the crown of the road, regardless of the car he is meeting. Worse still, he dares, in passing another vehicle, to come to my side of the road, compelling me to check or stop, whereas not only courtesy but rules call upon him to slow down behind the vehicle he wishes to pass until the road be clear."

This statement expresses exactly the common experience of owner-drivers. I do not know whether chauffeurs are more courteous in their dealings with each other; it is possible that some kind of freemasonry exists amongst them; but it is absolutely certain that the majority of them do not care twopence whether they squeeze an approaching car into a ditch or a wall. When I was last writing on this subject, I concluded by expressing a hope that the Automobile Association would take up the matter, but, up to the present, I have not heard from this august body that they consider the subject worthy of their attention.

A Hint for the "A. A."

In the meantime, the owner-drivers are beginning to get a little impatient, and it is certainly a grave temptation to adopt oneself the tactics of the chauffeur. A friend of mine tells me that when an approaching car shows an inclination to monopolise the centre of the road, he deliberately heads his car towards the bonnet of the approaching car, and thus frightens Master Chauffeur on to his right side of the road. This is all very well in its way, and I have myself proved the efficacy of the method, but if generally pursued it is likely to lead to some pretty bad smashes. If the Automobile Association would print a few thousand cards containing some simple hints on the etiquette of the road, and would send them round to owners to be hung in the garages, there might possibly be an abatement of a very real evil.

I suggest this method of calling the attention of chauffeurs to their own conduct, because it is an extraordinary fact that many owners are afraid of their chauffeurs. I suppose they feel that their lives are daily in the hands of the chauffeur, and they wish to keep him in a good temper. I remember once driving with a lady who was in a state of terror the whole time because her chauffeur would insist on driving at a high speed.

"Why on earth don't you tell him to drive more slowly?" I asked.

"Oh, no; that would never do! He wouldn't like it! He'd be so cross! After all, I suppose it's a great pleasure to him to drive fast, and so I don't say anything."

A card such as I have suggested would, I feel sure, be a very great boon to this lady, and many other owners.

The Poet and the Dramatist.

I have always realised the enormous responsibilities of the dramatist, but they never came home to me quite so forcibly as when I read, a few days ago, a poem in the *Isis*, entitled "After Seeing a Play by Galsworthy." I have no idea which of Mr. Galsworthy's plays it was that the unfortunate young man happened to see, but the effect upon his youthful imagination must have been extremely terrible. He says, for example—

There is a man with shining teeth,
White and shining like a dog's:
All knotted are the gums beneath
As alder logs.

His clothes are like dead aspen leaves,
His hair is as a Smyrna dog's:
All withered are his limbs beneath
As willow logs.

Here, if you like, is a horrible and terrifying picture! But this is nothing compared with the awful cynicism of the concluding stanzas—

Some night soon he'll take the bottle
In his crooked and smoky hand,
Drink and drink, and fall and throttle
On the sand.
Then I'll leave my bed, and trembling
Look on Death and call him crude
With a frightened scowl, dissembling
Gratitude.

One can but shudder, and rush away into the light and warmth—and leave the rest to the Poet and Mr. Galsworthy.

FAIR UNKNOWNNS TO US—SAVE THREE: ASCOT-GOERS



1. STRIPES.

2. PANNIER FROCK; AND LATTICED MUSLIN.

3. THE SCALLOPED PANNIER.

4. A CLOAK EFFECT—VISCOUNTESS GORT.

6. THE WHITE CLOAK.

7. A STENCILLED CLOAK—LADY BELL.

5. THE BLACK CLOAK.

8. A MOST BECOMING STYLE—LADY SCARBROUGH.

Ascot brought with it many a charming frock, and many that were both bizarre and charming—to say nothing of chic hats and dashing cloaks. Here are a few "creations" snapshotted on the occasion of the great meeting.

Photographs by Farrington Photo. Co., Newspaper Illustrations, Alfieri, Illustrations Bureau, C.N.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE RACE-MEETING IN THE WORLD:



LADY LONDESBOROUGH, WIFE OF THE SECOND EARL.



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LADY GRIFFIN, SISTER OF EARL DE LA WARR.



LORD WOLVERTON AND MRS. LINDSAY.



MISS HOLA, LADY GORT, AND MISS STORR.

The Ascot Race Meeting, the most famous and fashionable function of its kind in the world, owes its being to Queen Anne. Her Majesty, who loved the country about Windsor, established races at Datchet and built kennels at Ascot; while her Consort, Prince George, was also greatly interested in animals and kept a fine stud. In the early summer of 1711, the Queen gave orders for a race-course to be prepared immediately on the Common at Ascot, and announced

MANY WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE SNAPSHOTTED AT ASCOT.



MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE,
POPULAR IN SOCIETY.



MISS DE TRAFFORD; VISCOUNT CARLTON, SON OF LORD WHARNCLIFFE;
LADY RACHEL STUART-WORTLEY; MR. BETHELL; AND MR. KEITH-MENZIES.



MRS. HOOD AND MRS. PERCY
BENNETT.



PRINCE AND PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT (IN DARK DRESS).



LADY HELEN GROSVENOR.

her intention of presenting a plate. So it came to be stated in the "London Gazette" of July 12, 1711 that her Majesty's Plate of one hundred guineas would be run for on Ascot Common, near Windsor, on Tuesday, Aug. 7; while another race was announced for the previous day. In point of fact, these races were postponed; and it was on Aug. 11 that Queen Anne, accompanied by a brilliant suite, drove from Windsor Castle to inaugurate the first Ascot Races.

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 midnight; also from London Bridge 9.7, 9.50, 10.32, 11.50 a.m.,
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*Weds. and Sats. only,
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† Not to Isle of Wight.

‡ To Isle of Wight on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays only.

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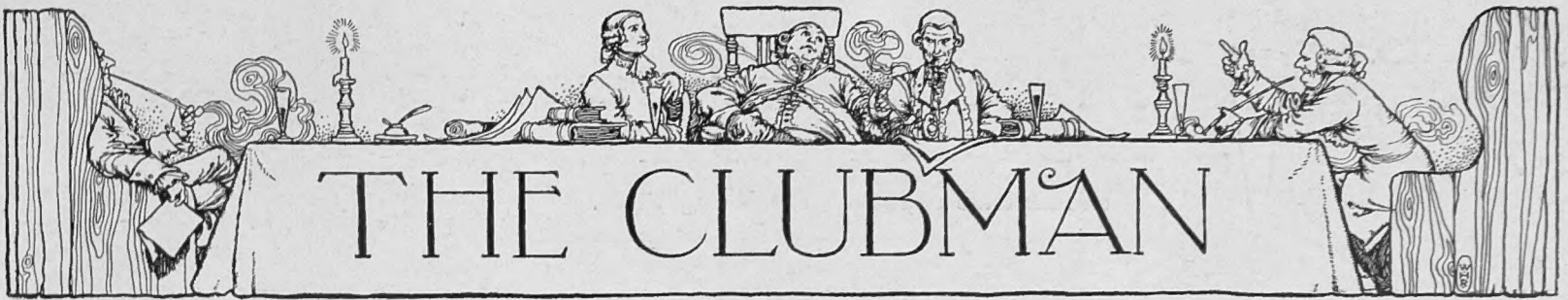
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THE ARAB AND THE AIR-SHIP: THE WAITER'S DRESS: THE SLEEPING SOLDIER: SOME YARNS.

**Air-ships for
Somaliland.**

We are going to frighten the Mad Mullah and his men by pouring bombs on them from the sky, and two of this country's most experienced naval aeronauts are now at Berbera estimating the difficulties to be encountered, and doing this before air-ships or aeroplanes are actually sent out. The experience of the Italians, who used both aeroplanes and air-ships in Tripoli in their war against the Turks and the Arabs, is not very encouraging. The moral effect at first was great, but the enemy soon found that the bombs which were dropped from aeroplanes and air-ships almost invariably fell wide of the object at which they were aimed, and eventually no notice was taken of them. The Arabs had such poor fire discipline that though the Italian air-ships and aeroplanes flew comparatively low, no harm was done to them, though, strangely enough, the pilots were on more than one occasion bruised by spent bullets. We must hope that our British airmen will prove themselves better shots than the Italians, and that the Mad Mullah's men will prove themselves as bad marksmen as the Arabs further north are.

**The Waiter's Dress
Suit.**

The waiters in Berlin threaten to come out on strike if the proprietors of the restaurants insist that they should continue to wear evening dress suits, and declare that the proper dress for a self-respecting waiter is a dark-coloured lounge suit, which in future, they declare, shall be their wear. They rather foolishly give as reasons for their objection to the dress suit that their figures are not good enough for this style of dress, and that the customers at the restaurants make fun of them when they wear it.

**The Origin of the
Waiter's Garb.**

I do not remember ever to have read or to have been told how it came that the British waiter adopted the evening garb of the gentleman as the uniform of his trade. Certainly the serving-man in the taverns of Elizabethan and Georgian days was as differently dressed as was possible from the gorgeous persons on whom he waited. I daresay that when the gentlemen of England began to wear the modern type of dress-coat instead of the flowered silk garments of "The School for Scandal" days, they thought it would add to the dignity of their butlers to put them into similar garments. The old type of British waiter at a restaurant probably aspired to be considered the equal of a butler, and took the fashion from the butlers. The French waiters dress far more suitably than our old-fashioned waiters did, and the white apron and black jacket with two voluminous pockets is a garb exactly suiting their needs. The most sensibly garbed British waiters that I know are those at "Simpson's," in the Strand, who

wear white washing coats with, on the breast, the crest of the establishment—the knight of a set of chessmen on a black shield.

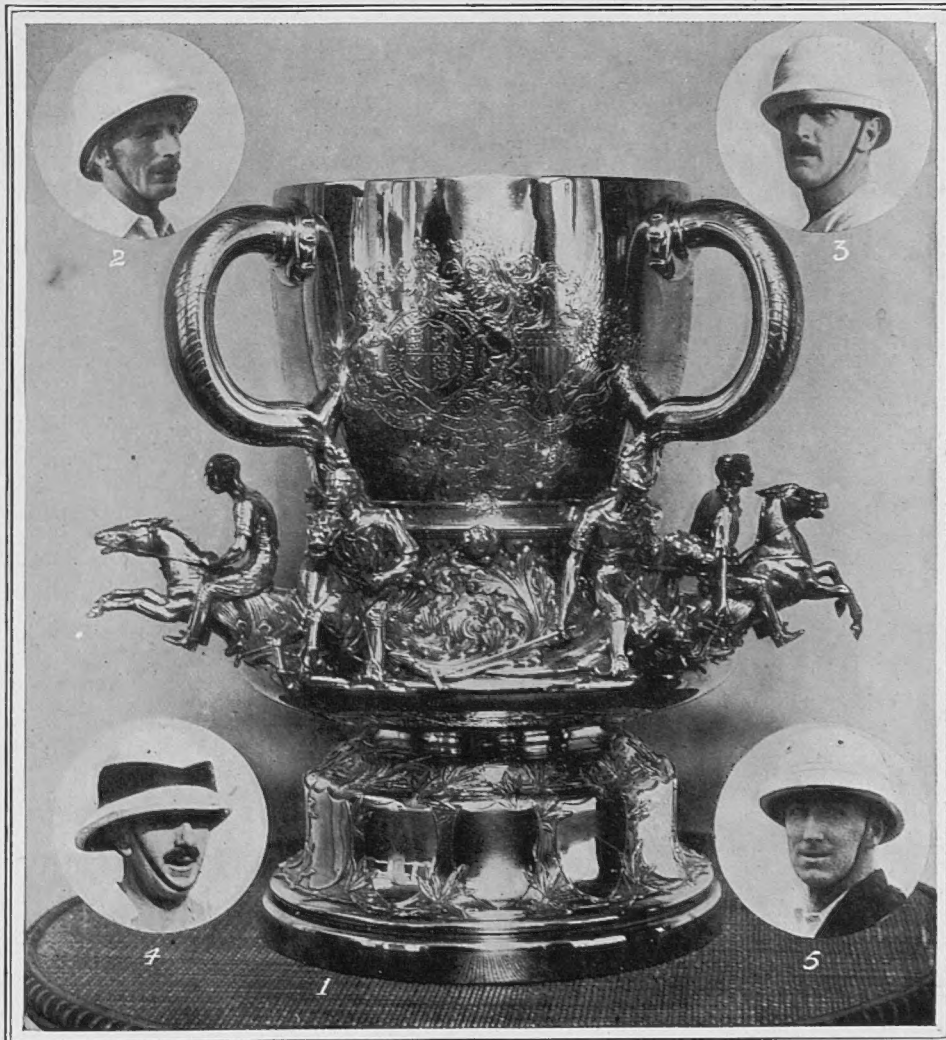
**"Oh, Listen to
the Band!"**

Mr. Asquith, I read, has asked that the bands of Guards regiments marching to the Horse Guards Parade to practise the Trooping of the Colour should not play when passing Downing Street before 9.30 in the morning. No doubt the Prime Minister, after a late night in Parliament, sleeps late, and a military band in full blast does not provide a lullaby. If Mr. Asquith, as well as being War Minister, had ever been a soldier by profession, he would not have been disturbed by the music, and would only have been pleasantly conscious in his dreams that a band was passing, for a professional soldier soon

learns to sleep through any noises in barracks that do not concern him in particular. The reveille, for instance, which rouses the men does not wake any of the officers except those whose duty it is to be on early morning parade, but the sound of "the alarm," which signifies that everybody must assemble on parade as quickly as possible, brings every rank tumbling out on to parade at the shortest possible notice; and the officers' call—which, so far as the men are concerned, falls on deaf ears—attracts at once the attention of every officer. I can recall an instance in my early soldiering days when, after a long route-march done in the early morning, the officers had just settled down to breakfast. Before anyone had finished his first cup of tea the sound of the officers' call, followed by the "double," was heard outside the mess, and every officer, catching up his sword, ran as quickly as he could to the Orderly Room. The Orderly Room was empty, and then the officers, wondering why they had been so peremptorily summoned, discovered that one of the boys who was learning to be a bugler had thought that the garden under the lee of the officers' mess-house was a nice quiet place in which to learn his calls, and had made a bad selection to commence with.

**Another Bugler
Story.**

And, having dropped into tales concerning buglers and their calls, another one comes to my mind. A private, having suddenly come into a large sum of money, and having bought himself out of the Service, determined to live as luxuriously as possible, and his first investment was to engage an ex-bugler to come below his bedroom window every morning at six o'clock and to sound the reveille. This woke him at once, and then he would lie in bed and shake his fist in the direction of the bugler, and turn over and go to sleep again.



1. CAPTURED FROM ENGLAND BY AMERICA IN 1909, AND WON BACK BY ENGLAND THE OTHER DAY: THE WESTCHESTER CUP, FIRST COMPETED FOR IN 1886.
2. NO. 1 OF THE ENGLISH TEAM: CAPTAIN H. A. TOMKINSON.

3. NO. 3 AND CAPTAIN OF THE ENGLISH TEAM: CAPTAIN F. W. BARRETT.
4. BACK OF THE ENGLISH TEAM: CAPTAIN VIVIAN LOCKETT.
5. NO. 2 OF THE ENGLISH TEAM: CAPTAIN LESLIE CHEAPE.

THE POLO CUP AND THE FOUR CAPTAINS WHO BRING IT BACK TO ENGLAND.

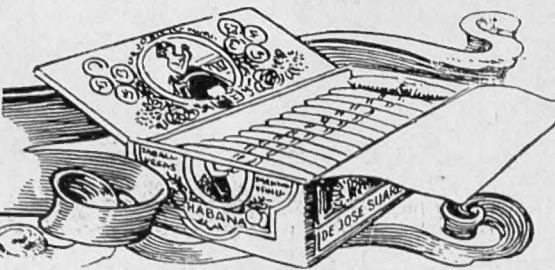
In 1886, England won in two games. In 1902 America won the first game, and England the second and third. In 1909, 1911, and 1913 America won in two games. This year, as everybody knows, England won in two games. Other illustrations will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Photographs by Sport and General.



THE "SKETCH" LUCKY DIPS;

and Absolute Fairness. The Midnight Ball.



WE HOPE YOU ARE NOT TOO LATE TO GET A TICKET: SEND AND SEE!

A GAIN we give notice that there will be held at the Savoy Hotel, on June 25th, the amazing Midnight Ball. Thanks to a "Sketch" scheme, a feature of this will be Lucky Dips for some £3000 worth of gifts. These dips will be free; and every guest at the ball (that is, everyone who has bought a ticket including admission to the ball and a champagne supper) will have a chance of participating, and possibly being the recipient of one of the presents. We give below a list of the gifts, their value, and their donors, by which it will be seen that many are likely to leave the ball considerably richer than when they went in. It should once more be emphasised that when you have bought your ticket for the Midnight Ball you pay nothing more. Here, indeed, is charity in its most amazing form. The Ball is for the National Institute for the Blind. The list of gifts, it will be noted, is headed by a £600 motor-car, a 20 h.p. Daimler; and included in it also are two-hundred-guinea pictures by John Lavery and the Hon. John Collier, and a fifty-guinea colour sketch by Arthur Hacker, R.A., to say nothing of many other very valuable things.

GIFTS AND GIVERS UNDER THE "SKETCH" SCHEME.

Motor-Cars, &c.

20-h.p. Car ..	£600 0 0	Daimler Co., Ltd., 27-28, Pall Mall, S.W.
Work on Car Body ..	30 0 0	Thrupp and Maberly, Oxford Street.
Traffic Indicator ..	5 5 0	General Supply Co., 39, St. James' St., S.W.

Jewellery, &c.

Clock ..	63 0 0	J. W. Benson and Co., Ltd., 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, E.C., and 25, Old Bond St., W.
Table of Plate ..	52 10 0	Elkington & Co., Ltd., 20-22, Regent St., W.
Diamond and Pearl Pendant ..	52 10 0	Carrington & Co., 130, Regent Street, W.
Necklace with Clasp ..	20 0 0	Tecla, 7, Old Bond Street.
Clock ..	15 0 0	M. F. Dent, 34, Cockspur Street.
Rose Bowl ..	12 12 0	Tiffany & Co., 221, Regent Street, W.
Pendant ..	24 3 0	Cartier, 175-6, New Bond Street, W.
Diamond and Tortoise-shell Comb ..	5 5 0	Parisian Diamond Co., Ltd., 85, New Bond St., and 37-43, Burlington Arcade.
Lady's Purse-Bag ..	8 8 0	Edwards & Sons, 159-161, Regent St., W.
Travelling Vanity-Case ..		Mark Cross, 89, Regent Street, W.
Piece of Silver ..	4 4 0	Kirkby and Bunn, 17, Cork Street.
Jewellery ..	4 4 0	Walker and Hall, Holborn Circus.

Pictures.

John Lavery's (A.R.A.) "The Morning Ride" ..	210 0 0	"The Illustrated London News."
The Hon. John Collier's "The Summer Night That Paused Among Her Stars" ..	210 0 0	The Hon. John Collier.
A Colour Sketch by Arthur Hacker, R.A. ..	52 0 0	Arthur Hacker, R.A.
A Seascape by B. W. Leader, R.A. ..	52 0 0	B. W. Leader, R.A.
2 Helleu Proofs ..	10 0 0	"Illustrated London News," Milford Lane, Strand.
3 Signed Artists' Proofs of "Trouble," by W. O. Orchardson, R.A., "The Happy Warrior," by G. F. Watts; and "Hudson's Last Voyage," by the Hon. John Collier ..	13 13 0	Franz Hanfstaengl, 16, Pall Mall East.

Sittings for Photographs.

Polychrome and Black and White Sittings ..	42 0 0	Dover St. Studios, Ltd., 38, Dover St., W.
Orders for Sittings ..	16 16 0	J. Russell & Sons, Ltd., 51, Baker St., W.
3 five-guinea sittings ..	15 15 0	Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

Gowns, Etc.

Gown ..	52 10 0	Reville & Rossiter, Ltd., 15, Hanover Sq., W.
Gown ..	52 10 0	Mme. A.M. Hayward, 67-68, New Bond St., W.
Sports Coats ..	52 10 0	Debenham and Freebody, 17-37, Wigmore Street, W.
Model Gown ..	52 10 0	Paquin, Ltd., 38-39, Dover Street, W.
Model Gown ..	42 0 0	Redfern, Ltd., 26-27, Conduit Street, W.
Hats ..	42 0 0	Michée Zac, 2, Hanover Ct., Hanover St., W.
Hats and Blouses ..	42 0 0	Zyrot et Cie, 14, Hanover Square, W.
Seal Musquash Coat ..	31 10 0	International Fur Store, Regent Street.
Gown ..	31 10 0	Mme. Ospovat, 69, New Bond Street.
Model Gown ..	26 5 0	Lucile, Ltd.
Fur-trimmed Coat ..	20 0 0	Revillon Frères, 180, Regent Street.
Coat and Skirt ..	20 0 0	John Simmons & Sons, 35, Haymarket, W.
Fan ..	20 0 0	Miss Goodfellow, 14, George Street, Hanover Square.
3 Sunshades; 3 Umbrellas ..	18 18 0	Brigg & Sons, 23, St. James' Street.
Tea Gown ..	11 11 0	Pam's, 41, New Bond Street.
Blouse ..		Mme. Mauve, 44, South Molton Street.
Ladies' Shoes ..	6 6 0	Jack Jacobus, 39-45, Shaftesbury Avenue.
Négligé ..	5 5 0	Mary Scarlett, 12, Sloane Street, S.W.
12 Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs ..	7 0 0	Edouard & Butler, 15D, Clifford St., W.

Opera-glasses.

Opera-glasses ..	5 15 6	Meyrowitz, 1a, Old Bond Street.
Ladies' Opera-glasses ..	10 10 0	W. Callaghan, New Bond Street.
Binoculars ..	7 7 0	Goerz, Holborn Circus.

Cigars and Cigarettes.

Cigarettes ..	131 5 0	Abdulla & Co., 168, New Bond Street, W.
Cigarettes ..	47 5 0	Milhoff & Co.'s De Reszke Cigarettes.
Cigarettes ..	47 5 0	H. L. Savory, Piccadilly, W.
Cabinet 600 Cigars ..	42 0 0	Fribourg & Treyer, 33-34, Haymarket, S.W.
4 3-guinea Cabinets of Cigarettes ..	12 12 0	Benson and Hedges, 13, Old Bond Street.

Men's Clothes, &c.

Men's Clothing ..	105 0 0	Pope & Bradley, 14, Old Bond Street, W.
Boots and Hosiery ..	63 0 0	Savoy Tailors' Guild, Savoy Ct., Strand, W.C.
7 sets of four pair Pyjamas (for men or women) ..	23 2 0	Swan and Edgar, 39-59, Regent Street, and 9-15, Piccadilly.

Dressing Bags.

Lady's Dressing-Bag ..	52 10 0	Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.
Lady's Dressing-Bag ..	30 0 0	Wilson and Gill, 39-41, Regent Street, W.
Gent's Dressing-Bag ..	18 10 0	J. C. Vickery, 179-183, Regent Street, W.

General.

For Various 3-Guinea Presents ..	105 0 0	Ladbroke and Co., 6, Old Burlington St.
Decoration of Room by Arthur de Lissa ..	52 10 0	Fryers, Ltd., 6, Henrietta Street, W.
Gramophone ..	30 0 0	Gramophone Co., 21, City Road, E.C.
7 3-pound Orders for Goods ..	21 0 0	Boots (Regent Street Branch).
Treatment and Cosmetics ..	21 0 0	Mme. Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street.
Passenger Flights (2) ..	20 0 0	Claude Grahame-White.
Tourist Tickets ..	14 14 0	Thos. Cook & Son, Ludgate Circus, E.C.
Toilet Cabinets (2) ..	12 12 0	Cyclax, 58, South Molton Street, W.
Bonbonnières ..	12 12 0	Leopold Barbellion, 79, New Bond St., W.
3 Bonbonnières ..	9 9 0	Fullers, Ltd., 209, Regent Street, W.
3 Cases Royal Vat Whiskey ..	9 9 0	Hedges and Butler, 155, Regent Street, W.
Dinner (for four) ..	5 5 0	Hatchett's White Horse Cellars, Ltd., 79a, Piccadilly, W.
Case of Razors ..	6 6 0	Charles Jaschke.
Claret ..	5 0 0	Hatch, Mansfield & Co., 47, Pall Mall.
Sports Goods ..	3 3 0	A. G. Spalding & Bros.
3 doz. Chick Golf Balls ..		North British Rubber Co.
A Cabinet ..	4 4 0	Henry Stone, 44, Newman Street, W.
3 doz. R. & A. Challenger Golf Balls ..		J. P. Cochrane & Co., 60, Aldermanbury.
3 doz. Golf Balls ..		Wood Milne and Co.

Theatre Boxes

(Obtained by Miss Gladys Cooper, who also obtained other gifts).

Wyndham's ..	The Management	Aldwych (2 Boxes) ..	The Management
Garrick ..	"	Queen's ..	"
London Hippodrome ..	"	Daly's ..	"
Coliseum ..	"	Criterion ..	"
Prince of Wales's ..	"	Vaudeville ..	"
Royalty ..	"	Haymarket ..	"
Lyric ..	"	Kingsway ..	"
Globe ..	"	Lyceum ..	"
Oxford ..	"	New ..	"
Palace (Matinée) ..	"	Empire ..	"
		Duke of York's ..	"

In connection with the gift Motor-Car, we wish to acknowledge the kindly co-operation of the "Daily Express," the "Standard," the "Evening Standard," the "Pall Mall Gazette," the "Westminster Gazette," Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., "Country Life," Ltd., and Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

N.B.—THE EDITOR OF THE "SKETCH" GUARANTEES THAT THE LUCKY DIP IS CONDUCTED WITH ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS AND IMPARTIALITY. THE DIP IS FREE. The only payment you are called upon to make is for the ball-ticket, and this covers the admission to the Ball and a Champagne Supper. The price of a ticket was three guineas; then four; it is now five. The Ball takes place, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind, to-morrow June 25, at the Savoy. Applications for the tickets should be made now to Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C.

WHO ARE THE LADIES? HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THEM?



MERCİ POUR LA LANGOUSTE! PLAYERS IN "WAS IT THE LOBSTER?"

Here are portraits of players in "Was It the Lobster?" which was given recently at Cambridge by the University Footlights Dramatic Club, and was presented at a matinée at the Queen's on Friday last, the 19th. The "ladies"—here we give the show away—are men; in the first instance, Mr. M. Cuthbertson; in the second, Mr. L. B. Felton.—[Photographs by Scott and Wilkinson.]



AN INCONSEQUENTIAL MEDLEY: "THE MERRY-GO-ROUND," AT THE EMPIRE.

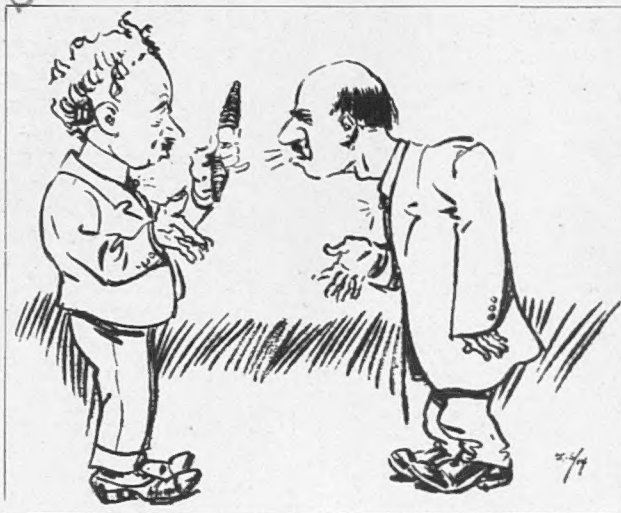
An Inconsequential Medley.

It is not difficult to see reasons why Mr. Butt has abstained from describing "The Merry-Go-Round," the new piece at the Empire, as a revue—a much-abused word which refers to a form of entertainment that has hardly established itself in London, or if it has, is "*diablement changé en route*." But is it reasonable to call the thing "an inconsequential medley?" Think of the young men and maidens who throng the famous promenade of "the Cosmopolitan Club and the rendezvous of the world" (quotations from the programme)! Can they be expected to say "inconsequential medley" after supper? It is almost as bad as "British Constitution," alleged to be a police-court test for sobriety. Even Shakespeare, whose nearest approach to a *revue* is "A Midsummer Night's Dream," could have helped; why not call "The Merry-Go-Round" a "What-You-Will," or an "As-You-Like-It"?—the latter, according to "G. B. S.," a title insultingly given to a pot-boiler flung at a base public. I wish we had a few more pot-boilers containing characters like Rosalind, one of the most fascinating heroines in fiction. What a number of delightful Rosalinds we have seen, and I hope will see. What a delightful, fat part, and how easily spoilt by the self-consciousness of some actresses. I confess that there are some bits of the play that try me: old Adam is a weariness to the flesh, and the melancholy, sententious Jaques is as big a bore on the stage as he must have been in the forest of Arden. However, they do not give "As You Like It," or exactly "What You Will" at the Empire, for the "medley" when I saw it—on the second night—seemed rather a mudley chucked on hastily and containing excellent materials still rather raw. It begins with a scene in the establishment of Venus, exhibiting the distress of the goddess at the slackening of the marriage rate, though, in my opinion, Venus, and Aphrodite, too, never worried much about matrimony. Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter were called in to take the accounts of the establishment, and were represented quite amusingly by Messrs. Tom Smith and Phil Doyle. Cupid was sent off to the earth to inquire into the matter; and there seemed to be the scheme for a fairly logical, coherent work, but the scheme was dropped at once, and one may use concerning it the words of a famous epitaph: "If so early I was done for, what on earth was I begun for?" We found ourselves promptly at the dressmaker's, with Miss Phyllis Bedells as a customer doing a *Danse des Modes*. Here was unadulterated pleasure, for the young lady danced delightfully and mimed piquantly.

The Venus Callipygos. Then we had a rather startling display of modes—or rather, ladies bare-backed to a prodigious extent, and as an amateur, in the

French sense of the term, I regret to say that several of the backs did not pass muster: indeed, the sculptor of the famous Venus Callipygos, which you can see at Naples, would not have accepted them as models. I do not mean to suggest that the ladies were quite as décolletées as the statue. What a curious thing it is that the system of décolletage so often induces ladies to exhibit charms which they do not possess, instead of leaving us to fancy them more handsomely endowed than they are. Sometimes I take in to dinner a lady with such a lamentable exhibition of bones and salt-cellars that I keep my eyes shamefully

away, as I do when I happen to see anybody with some deplorable deformity. We were whisked off to the "Edge of the World" after a scene in which Miss Nora Bayes appeared, a young lady from the States with a powerful voice and some talent, who rather resembled Miss Ethel Levey in her manner, though, alas! without possessing the genius of that remarkable artist. "The Edge of the World" is described as a creation of "Hyper-Futuristic Impressions and Strange Phenomena of Living and Combating Colours." As a matter of fact, on a shimmering background indicating water, we had some quite beautiful colour-effects produced for some ten minutes or so, during which clever, expressive music by Mr. Herman Finck was played. The audience was really delighted by the novel and beautiful effects.



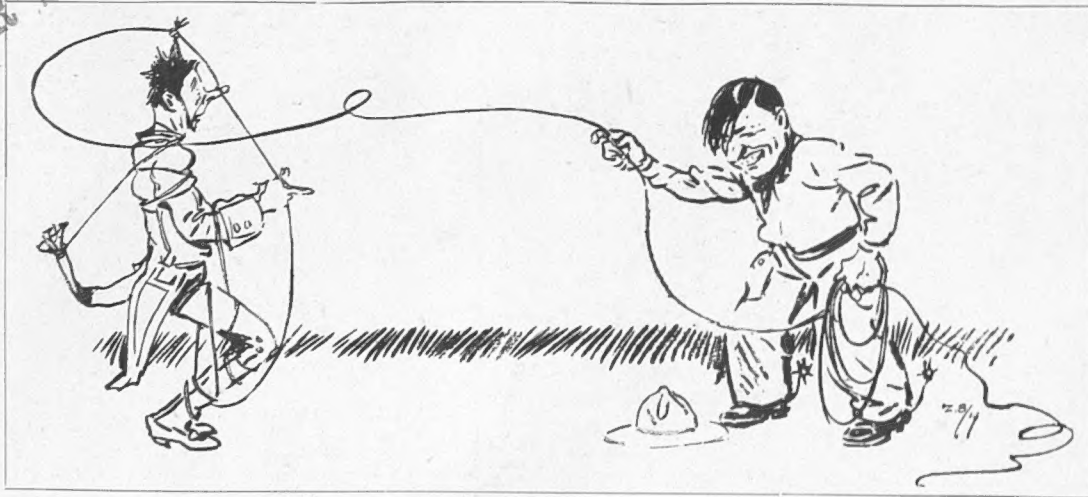
TWO SAMPLES OF LOVE IN THE OFFICES OF VENUS, LTD.: MESSRS. TOM SMITH AND PHIL DOYLE AS POTASH AND PERLMUTTER.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

Tramps Through Tips.

As an antidote to the prettiness we saw a picture of the Green Park, with a couple of broken-down gentlemen tramps very drolly represented by Messrs. James Godden and René Koval. One of them had been ruined by the tips which he had to give, the other by the tips which he received from the sporting prophets, and

really I sympathise with the gentleman whose income could not stand the strain of greasing itching palms, from the barber's in the morning to the taxi-caller's at night. It is a sad picture of the times, and some evidence of degeneracy, that everybody who renders you a little service seems to expect backsheesh, although he is paid by someone else to render the service. The *Danse des Sans Culottes* in



SOME ROPING! MR. WILL ROGERS AS A BUSKER—WITH LASSO STUNTS

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

a fête at the Palais Royal, 1796, gave Miss Phyllis Bedells an opportunity of showing her considerable talent for tragic miming; nor should the work of Mr. A. H. Majilton be forgotten. Also we had a very amusing American who did wonderful things with a lasso. One cannot overlook the able Russian dancers, Alexandra Balachowa and Mordkin (who performed to the delight of the house in a weird and wonderful scene), and the splendours of "The Mosaic Ball," with costumes producing lovely colour-effects. Altogether, a remarkable medley, with some very jolly items.

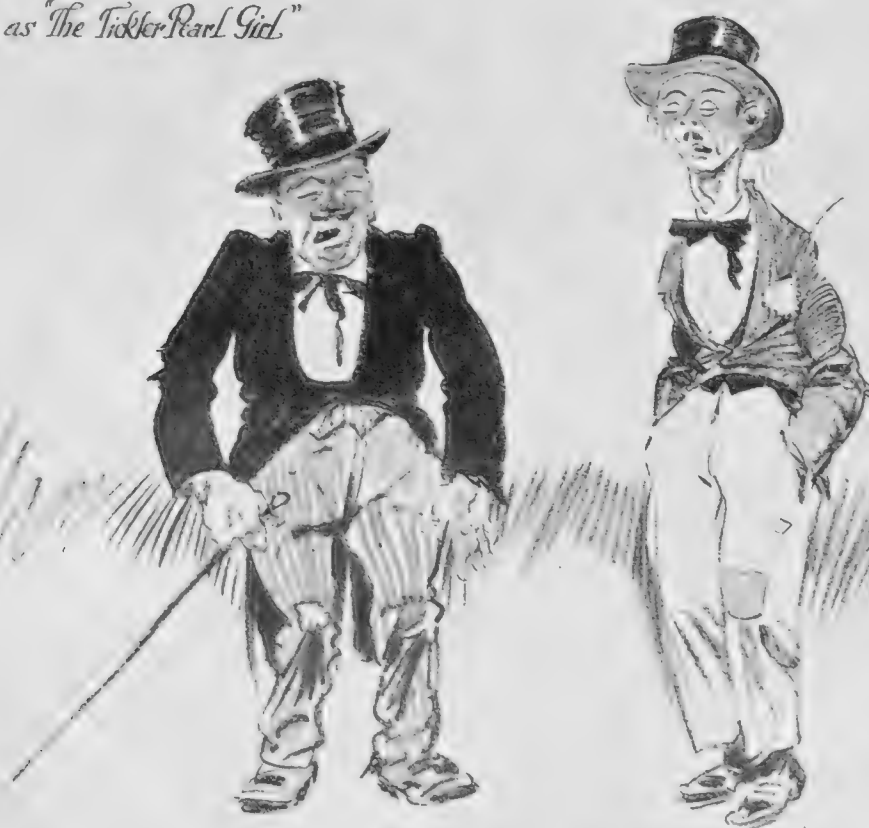
E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE MERRY-GO-ROUND."



Michael Mordkin in the Arrow Dance.

Norah Bayes as "The Ticker-Pearl Girl."



*The Great 'Unwashed'
James Godden and René 'Royal'.*

TONY
SARG

IN THE EMPIRE'S "INCONSEQUENTIAL MEDLEY": A RUSSIAN DANCER KNOWN TO US; AN AMERICAN LADY NEW TO US; AND A PAIR OF THE "GREAT UNWASHED"

"The Merry-Go-Round," at the Empire, is described officially as "An Inconsequential Medley." It includes the Offices of Venus, Ltd.; Reception Room at a Dressmaker's Establishment; The Edge of the World; The Green Park; A Fête at the Palais

Royal in 1796; a Racecourse Lawn; In the Days of the Fan; Le Vrai et le Faux Chic; The Garden of Flowers; the Courtyard, Savoy Hotel; and The Mosaic Ball, a series of gorgeously devised stage settings.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



MR. ROOSEVELT.

MR. ROOSEVELT came and went in a hurry. In all respects he acted according to popular tradition. The reporters heard him say, "Bully!" as he arrived, and "Put it there!" as he shook hands to go. So it always happens, alike at coronations and funerals, at dinners with the Kaiser or teas with Mrs. Page. And even if he does not really pronounce the words, what matter? The illusion is complete. He has only to do a little dumb-show, like a popular comedian, and the gallery takes up the chorus.

The Two Deserts.

Although he has much more in him than the gallery gives him credit for, he has never been impatient of the popular version. He knows that a public man (in the wide, Theodorean sense) belongs to his public. Thus, roughly speaking, Mr. Roosevelt exists for the majority of Americans as a man possessed of the most limited vocabulary, the crudest manners, a restricted stock of ideas, and unbounded energy. He is at very little pains to enlarge that impression if it gives satisfaction. In fact, he encourages it; he slaps reporters on the back, wears riding-boots, and talks slang. But we in London do not accept him on such terms; we accept no strangers at the valuation set upon them in their own country. Mr. Roosevelt's triumph in England is achieved despite the American accent and the creak of the Roughrider's boots, despite the "Bully" and the perspiring brow. We like Mr. Roosevelt for himself.

Lions. The crowd in the lecture-hall the other night was an admiring crowd. Lord

Curzon, a cold president, is not unduly inclined towards hero-worship; nor big-game hunters the least suspicious of mortals. They have no fondness for the social lion; if his stories are drawn too long, they put him to death. But Mr. Roosevelt had his crowd in hand; it showed not a flicker of doubt or inattention. The man-eating trout, the head-balling natives, and all the other wonders proved acceptable. Lord Curzon nodded his sanction, and they were admitted into the realms of fact.

The Zeal.

From the first Mr. Roosevelt has been on the look-out for queer beasts. When he was a small boy he used to play tag in Madison Square. On the East side stood a Presbyterian Church. One day the sexton invited the small boy in. "I'd rather not; I know what you've got in there," he replied and ran away. He told his mother about the sexton, and that he had not gone in because he thought the "zeal" might

Ideals.

As a youth he was inclined for a naturalist's life. While still a student—"out of health, but gritty and headstrong"—he went to live in the Maine woods. "When I was a youngster," he once said, "I was pigeon-chested and asthmatic. Life in the open knocked all that out of me." Dresden followed, and Alpine climbing. He was a member of the London Alpine Club before he belonged to any club in America. By twenty-five he had given up politics! In a letter dated 1884, he says: "Although not a very old man, I have yet lived a great deal in my life and known sorrow too bitter and joy too keen"—before he was twenty-five his first wife had died—"to allow me to become either cast down or elated for more than a brief period over success or defeat. I have very little expectation of keeping on in politics. I will not stay in public life unless on my own terms; and my ideal, whether lived up to or not, is rather a high one."

A Handful.

Even ten years later the idea of a public life had not wholly gripped him; he declares that "my career is that of a literary man"—of a literary man spending much of his time in the wild. And it is the same to-day. He gets away when he can; if he is not breaking up a Trust he is opening up a river. New York he liked while it was, as he said, "the storm centre," and he could be useful. But one city is not big enough for him. Mr. Sargent has painted him with his hand on the globe.

The Outrageous Shirt.

He was once a slight man, always wore glasses, and always proved himself stronger than he looked. The story of the swaggering bully who ordered him, at the point of the pistol, to drink in a far Western bar, and was knocked down for his pains, has been referred to by Mr. Roosevelt himself: "I was never shot at maliciously but once. This was when I had to pass the night in a little frontier hotel with one room where everyone, drunk or sober, had to sit. My assailant was neither a cowboy nor a bona-fide 'bad man,' but a broad-hatted ruffian of a cheap and commonplace type who had for the moment terrorised the other men in the bar-room. The fact that I wore glasses, together with my evident desire to avoid a fight, apparently gave him the impression that I would not resent an injury." Since then Mr. Roosevelt has been shot at a second time, but those incidents seem small enough to anybody who knows his whole history, and small enough to Mr. Roosevelt himself. He is prouder of braving Washington by playing tennis at the White House in a red shirt.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

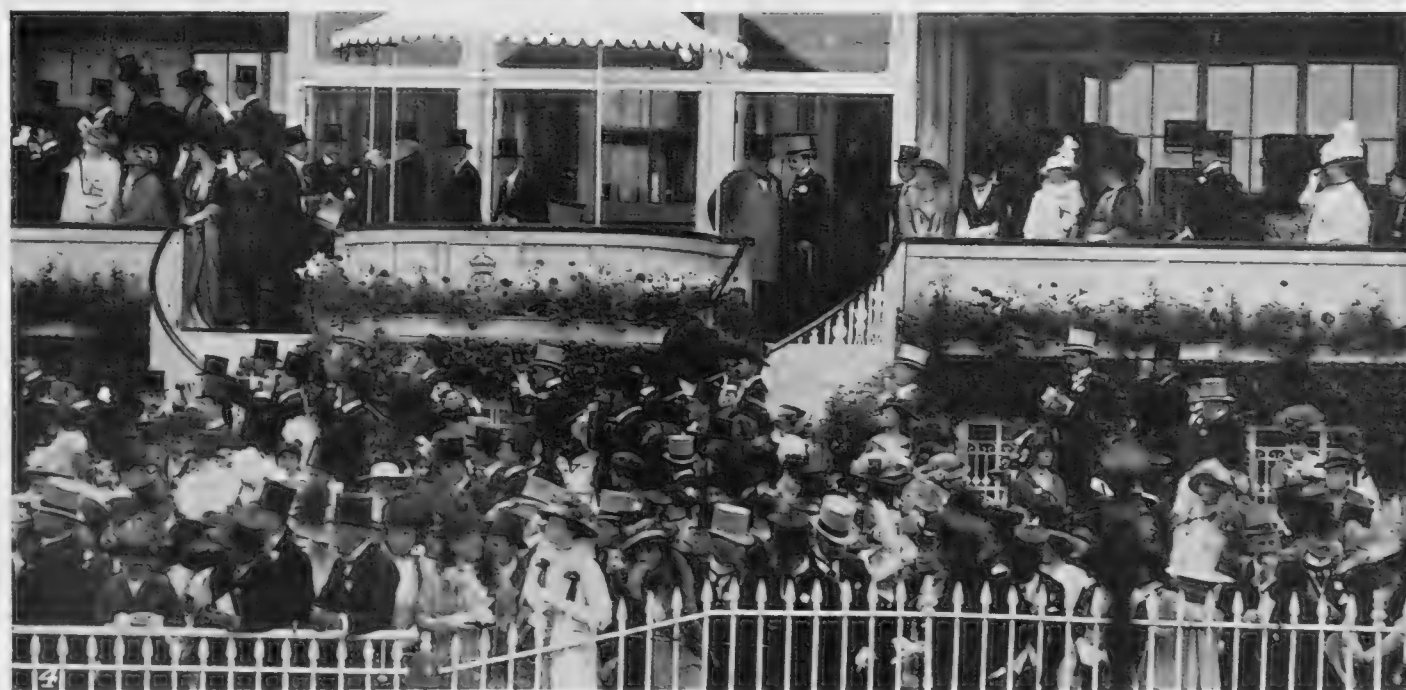
Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, now Associate Editor of the "Outlook," of New York, river-finder and interviewers' friend, was, it seems almost superfluous to say, President of the United States from 1901 until 1908, after having been Vice-President from March 4 until Sept. 14, 1901. He was born in New York on Oct. 27, 1858. His father came of a New York (Knickerbocker) family; his mother of Georgian (Scottish) family. He was educated at Harvard. He was a member of the New York Legislature from 1882 until 1883; Leader of the minority in 1883; Leader of the House in 1884; United States Civil Service Commissioner from 1889 until 1895; President of the New York Police Force from 1895 until 1897; Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897; and Governor of New York State from 1898 until 1900. In the first-named year, he organised the 1st United States Cavalry Volunteers (Roosevelt's Roughriders) and commanded them in Cuba.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



COLONEL ROOSEVELT.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

ARISTOCRATIC ASCOT: ROYALTY AND COMMONERS.



1. THE TINY SUNSHADE—LOOKING PARTICULARLY SMALL AGAINST THE LARGE HAT.
2. A CURIOUS STRIPE EFFECT IN SUNSHADES.
3. A SQUARE SUNSHADE, WITH FEATHER EDGES AND DECORATED WITH FLOWERS.
4. AT THE WORLD'S MOST FASHIONABLE RACE-MEETING: THE ROYAL BOX AT ASCOT—HOW MANY OF THOSE ABOUT IT CAN YOU NAME?

5. LADY IRENE DENISON, ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF LONDSEBOROUGH.
6. ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HEDWORTH MEUX; LADY MEUX; THE HON. SYBIL CADOGAN, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE HENRY ARTHUR, VISCOUNT CHELSEA; AND THE HON. RHODA ASTLEY, SISTER OF LORD HASTINGS.
7. LADY ST. OSWALD.

Royal Ascot, as it is more usually termed, might equally well be called Aristocratic Ascot, especially as alliteration's artful aid then comes in! This year's meeting was every whit as fashionable a function as have been those of the past. In our photograph of the Royal Box, the King will be seen at the top of the steps on the

left, looking through glasses; a little further along is Prince Christian; on the top of the next flight of steps are King Manuel and Mr. Chaplin; then come Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duchess of Teck, Princess Christian, Prince Alexander of Teck, and the Queen.

Photographs by Alfieri, Illustrations Bureau, L.N.A., C.N., Newspaper Illustrations, and Topical.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IS Sir Frederick Tieves making amends to the amateur nurse? By attending a Red Cross Society field-day he puts himself, more or less, into the hands of the ladies. They do most of the

organising, most of the bandaging, and all the cooking and catering, and Queen Alexandra gives her patronage and presence. The majority of the men, meanwhile, pretend to be wounded, and Sir Frederick inspects. It almost looks as if he were giving his countenance to feminine rule in the field. What about his famous reference to "the plague of women" in South Africa?



A NEW GERMAN REIGNING PRINCE, WHO IS WELL KNOWN IN LONDON: THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who succeeded on the death of his father a few days ago, is well known in England, which he visited last season. He was born at Neu-Strelitz on June 17, 1882.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Coaching, Jockey, Coney Island Jockey, Westchester Polo, Trif and Field, and half-a-dozen more. It must not be

thought that with him membership means nothing: he has been President of three or four of them.

The Belmonts. To belong to twenty or so clubs in London would be an eccentricity; probably no Englishman boasts more than ten. But such a list is a commonplace of New York life. Mr. August Belmont's brothers are all plentifully supplied, and probably Mr. Oliver Belmont, who belongs to several in Paris and London, has more clubs than any other member of his family. If it came to a careful calculation, however, Mr. Harry Payne Whitney would in all likelihood be the record-breaker. Lord Wimborne's friends, by the way, are famous for their women-folk: his host's sister-in-law is the Mrs. Belmont who runs Women's Suffrage in New York.

Lord Crewe at Ascot. Somebody has been reminding

Lord Rosebery of a very remote Ascot, when he lost money to the editor of the *Times*, and managed to put the loss to good account. "Please print Lord Rosebery's letter on the House of Lords in large type," wrote the editor to his "sub."; "I have won £20 from him, and am anxious to oblige." Lord Crewe had no such luck last week, although

he divided his time between the Enclosure (with his father-in-law at his elbow) and the Lords. It happened that his conduct of affairs at Westminster was being somewhat severely handled in the Press at the time of the races, but there was no great editor on the course to mollify with winnings!

Lord Grey's Climb. Lord Grey is seven years older than Mr. Roosevelt, but hardly less venturesome.

When he found himself in the crush outside the Roosevelt lecture-hall last Tuesday and turned from the direct path by assiduous policemen, he made straight for a formidable-looking wall in Vigo



THE SILVER WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF PORTLAND: THEIR GRACES WITH LORD TITCHFIELD, THEIR ELDER SON; LADY VICTORIA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER; AND LORD MORVEN CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, THEIR SECOND SON.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland celebrated their silver wedding recently, at Fullarton House, Ayrshire, with four days of festivities; at Bothal Castle, Northumberland, for three days; and then at Welbeck Abbey. Before her marriage, the Duchess was known as Miss Winifred Dallas-Yorke, only daughter of Mr. Thomas Yorke Dallas-Yorke, of Walmsgate, Louth. Their Graces' elder son, the Marquess of Titchfield, came of age in March of this year.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Street, scaled it, and entered with an unruffled neck-tie. Hardly anybody cared to follow his example, although he made the obstacle appear simple enough. Mr. Roosevelt is taking the town by storm; and Lord Grey's feat may be attributed to the influence of the ex-President's effective methods. What Peer of sixty-five would dodge a policeman and scale a wall in the West End in order to hear Lord Curzon or any other British geographer?

The Greys. Earl Grey (whose kinsman, Sir Edward Grey, was also one of Mr. Roosevelt's audience the other night)

has often heard the call of the wild, and as often answered it. He travelled for a month in Nova Scotia to explode the theory of a "Frozen North," and returned with tidings of "a limitless holiday-ground for millions of people." The fact that he had to get up at four o'clock every morning to reach his destination may, however, deter a certain proportion of intending tourists. Twice he has been lost in British Columbia, blizzards and landslides during hunting expeditions on Mount Nelson being responsible. Though Lord

Grey evidently knows what to do in a London crowd, he has, like other thorough-going adventurers, experienced panic in its genuine form—the panic of the great forests, and there can have been few men who listened to Mr. Roosevelt with readier sympathy and understanding.



MARRIED THE OTHER DAY: MR. COLIN F. F. CAMPBELL AND MRS. CAMPBELL.

Captain Campbell, of the Scots Guards, is the only son of Major-General F. Lorn Campbell, late of the Scots Guards, and grandson of the late Rear-Admiral F. A. Campbell. His great-grandfather, Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell, was on the Duke of Wellington's Staff through the Peninsular War and at the Battle of Waterloo, and became Governor of Nova Scotia. Mrs. Campbell was Miss Helen Margaret Stewart, and is the eldest daughter of Mr. Charles John and Lady Mary Stewart, and niece of the Earl of Norbury.—[Photographs by Thomson.]



ENGAGED TO THE HON. JOHN HENNIKER-MAJOR: MISS MOLLY BURNET.

Mr. Henniker-Major is the youngest of the three brothers of Lord Henniker, and was born in 1883. For four years, from 1895, he was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria. Miss Burnet is the younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Burnet, of 54, Upper Brook Street. Her father is Physician to H.M.'s Household.—[Photograph by Thomson.]

FRIEZING IN FLAMING JUNE! "GREEK" SKIRTLET AND SKIRT.



IN "VIVE L'AMOUR". THE FRIEZE-OF-FIGURES SKIRTLET.

ON THE RACE-COURSE: THE FRIEZE-OF-FIGURES SKIRT.

The first of our illustrations, as we have already noted, shows a dress worn in "Vive l'Amour," at the Middlesex Music Hall—a costume closely akin to one of those in

"Aphrodite," in Paris. The other photograph shows the Greek frieze idea applied to an up-to-date dress for race-course or other wear.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray and Spor and General.



BETWEEN STATIONS

By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

ONE wonders—indeed, I find myself often wondering—how much success this crazy Futurist movement has achieved in England, or, I should say, in London—for although the provinces may in some respects be behind London, I do believe that they have laughed not only at the paintings of the school; but at their capital's complacency and acquiescence. That Signors Severini and Marinetti and their followers should have made a little talk here when they first came over I can understand. They arrived immediately from Paris, and that in itself gave their work a certain cachet, although I, who saw their pictures at the Bernstein Gallery, do not remember that the French critics or the French observers treated them with any great seriousness. But it has paid someone or other to bring over a second crop of their canvases (or is it a third?) and that fact really pulls one up with a jerk. Because we have learned to appreciate Whistler and Manet and Monet and Mr. Augustus John, because in these later days the newspapers are represented by art critics of intelligence and learning, must we pay for our advance by carrying along with us a crowd of noisy people, apparently of no learning and of no intelligence, who yet by their number and their foolish iterations may well have succeeded in giving the Continent an impression that here in this country of Constable and Turner and Lavery and Brangwyn we have so altered that we are the easy prey of every painter who is sufficiently insistent, sufficiently "new," sufficiently strident? But to give that bad impression is one thing. It is more important to know whether that impression is just. I should like to see the balance-sheet of the movement. Pure curiosity, perhaps, and very likely idle, for if there is any form of commerce in which success or failure from the point of view of worthy achievement can be so little measured

in pounds, shillings, and pence as that commerce to which artists descend when they sell their paintings, I do not know it. Think of the early struggles of the Impressionists and then look at the palaces in Fitzjohn's Avenue and Melbury Road.

People are wont to say that after all we are not doing so badly. If the Italian Futurists paint as if they were mad and yet are tolerated, and even sometimes



LECTURER OF THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM (WHO HAD TO LISTEN OR TAKE TO THE WATER): MR. H. P. WHITNEY. According to a writer in the "Daily Mail," the American players were severely lectured for their mistakes in the first match against Great Britain by the former American polo captain, Mr. H. P. Whitney, who summoned them to a conference on board his yacht, where, as members of the Meadowbrook Club humorously observed, they were forced to listen to his strictures or jump overboard!

Photograph by Sport and General.

admired, still, what did everyone flock to see one, two, three generations ago? Then there was no New English Art Club: people loved Landseer and Edwin Long. That is true, and such aberrations of taste are not nearly so regrettable as those from which it would almost seem London suffers to-day. In that mid-Victorian period public taste had less efficient guides; the great rich middle-class it was that set the fashion and made English painting so poor. But when you had said that it was poor you had said all that you could say. Most of the Academicians were reasonably honest. One is sure that Mr. Long painted like that because he thought it was a fine way to paint. Copy the object. They were the products of their rotten education and uncurious, unintelligent environment. But nowadays we know better. We know a good painting when we see it, or we ought to be on the road to doing so. Even the rich dealers are helping our education. The old vicious tradition that "R.A." or "A.R.A." were the only possible indications of a good English painting is dead.

And that is one of the strange things about the Futurists. They are more ignorant than they should be. There is, for instance, that "Manifesto" of Signor Marinetti and Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson—disowned, by the way, as an "impertinence" by ten different supporters of the Rebel Art Centre. They ought to know that many of the things against which they tilt are dead as mutton—the Maypole Morris dances; Aestheticism; "the old grotesque idea of genius—drunken, filthy, ragged, outcast; drunkenness the synonym of Art." We are past those things now; we have left them behind; the "Post-Rossettis" even cannot make the Pre-Raphaelites a very strong influence in modern painting.

Anyhow, all the "manifestoes" that it is possible to get printed ought not to

induce us to take seriously these Italianate atrocities. As far as I can remember, the "school" has produced one striking piece of work—"The Pan Pan Dance at the Monaco." But that was sanity itself compared with most of the canvases that accompanied and have succeeded it. We will suppose that these painters are sincere—but sincerity is only one of the necessary qualities in the artist's equipment.



SCENE OF THE POLO MATCHES BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA: AT THE CLUB MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE, MEADOWBROOK, LONG ISLAND.

As we note elsewhere, the English team has been successful in winning back the Westchester Cup, captured by America in 1909.

Photograph by Sport and General.

“The Sketch” Supplement to the “Encyclopædia of Sport”!



VI.—CASTING FOR HORSE LEECH BY THE FALLS OF LODORE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



A TEA-CUP IN A STORM—THE LONELY LONDONERS. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THE girl pushed open the garden gate, ran up the flooded path, and bounded, panting, to the porch of my country cottage. She looked as if she had fallen overboard from Noah's Ark. Her white hat, white frock, and white shoes were dripping and mud-stained. Her hair was stuck on her cheeks in flat strands, and the red cover of the magazine she held had, washed with the rain, dyed her hands like those of Lady Macbeth.

"May I shelter here from the storm for a few minutes?" she asked. "As long as you like," said I. "I am pleased to see you are an optimist."

"?????"

"The rain will last all day, I am afraid—is it not Sunday?"

"It does not rain quite every Sunday," she protested, pleading for the bad behaviour of her country's climate.

"No," I conceded, "not always rain; hail for a change. You have not had luncheon yet, have you? Your things will dry by the kitchen fire while you eat."

As you may remember, it rained all day that Sunday until it was too late to do anything but fight for a seat in the train back home, and the girl stayed for lunch, and she stayed for tea, and as I could not play because of the rain, nor work because of the girl, I made her talk about her work and her play. She was a telephone girl, petite, pale and pert, a little London sparrow born and bred in the neighbourhood of Charing Cross, as her complexion and Cockneyism testified.

She liked her work for very quaint and yet very human reasons. "It is like being paid for being at school," she said, "and we have a supervisor, and it is lovely to talk to the other girls and laugh with them when her back is turned. Then we have"—with a pause full of delight and pride—"our romances and adventures; sometimes we are invited to go out to tea with people we don't know!"

"And do some of you girls accept?"

"Few of us do; but it is great fun being asked—and sometimes people ring us up just to talk to someone!"

"But," I said, "I always imagined the telephone was meant for that purpose!"

"Yes, but they ring us up to talk to us, telephone girls."

"What for, and what about?"

"Oh, anything, of course; it is against the rules, but they say they feel friendless and lonely."

Lonely in London!—lonely with millions of souls to pick and choose from!—friendless while hemmed in by humanity! What sort of beings are they with whom no one rubs elbows and to whom no one smiles, who are thrown into the alembic and remain their integrate selves, who are pushed under the great wheel and, instead of being pressed together with the rest in one big mass, remain hard units—mateless, friendless, chumless—"lonely"—reduced to become humble wire-whisperers, begging for the sound of a voice, asking for the sympathy of a girl on a stool in a Government office? Searching for a companion through the telephone? Extraordinary; why, it is like ordering a hat by post, or marrying Chinese fashion!

"Brrrng. Halloa, Exchange, please exchange two words with me!"

Though I joke about it, it is in truth, and if it is the truth, pathetic in the extreme. I am more inclined to believe that the lonely men at the other end of the wire are just practical jokers with a feeble faculty for fun. Why, the choice of a friend is either a divine accident—the ship that collides against you in the night—or a sure selection, a patient elimination of the unworthy, of the uncongenial, of the disloyal, of the fatiguing, of the egoistic—

Les amis de l'heure présente
Possèdent ceci du melon
Qu'il faut en essayer cinquante
Avant d'en trouver un bon.

Friends of the present time are like—melons. You must try fifty of them before finding a good one! A friend is found but never sought. To ask for friendship is like paying a poet to compose a song, or to pray to Chance!

I have often seen in the English papers advertisements for

walking or cycling or travelling companions. I can only find one explanation for such a need, that the advertiser is afraid of travelling alone, afraid of being assaulted, robbed, or assassinated on the journey. Nothing else can account for the weird wish for walking, talking, eating, and sleeping during days and weeks side by side with a strange shadow.

To possess a perfect friend is rarer than to possess a perfect profile. The perfect friend must be a fanatic—or else he would not stick to you; he must be tried and found when wanted—not oftener. He must be intimate enough to know which of your heels is the weak one, and not kick it as he follows; but not so intimate as not to be delighted at the newness of your stories and the freshness of your wit. He must be different in type, so as to avoid all comparisons. He must be interested in what interests you, but not be versed in either your pursuits or profession, else how could you impress him? He must be partial, or else how

could he hate your enemies?—and generous, so as always to forgive you—and wise, so as never to reproach you! The perfect friend is the one who loves you, and not the one you love. The one you love is not your friend—he is your master!

And God preserve you from the fearful being called your Alter Ego—as if one Ego were not more than enough! I do not believe you can ever meet your other self; or if you did, that you would feel anything but antipathy and distrust of him. To chum with a chance twin must be very much like living in a mirrored room between a monkey and a parrot.

The perfect friend, alas! is not to be obtained by just unhooking the receiver!

And when, abusing the fact that she was in my power, and in my parlour, and had eaten my salt, I had talked as above for the worst part of the day at the telephone girl, the sun rose and the girl did likewise. She thanked me because she was polite.

"My people will be surprised," she said, "when I tell them how I have been taken in by kind strangers——"

"Pooh," said I, "you read of such things every day in the papers—they call it the confidence trick!"



SON OF THE RIVER-FINDER AND DAUGHTER OF THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN: MR. AND MRS. KERMIT ROOSEVELT, THE NEWLY WED, AND PEOPLE AT THEIR MARRIAGE.

The wedding of Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, son of ex-President Roosevelt, and Miss Belle Wyatt Willard, daughter of the United States Ambassador at Madrid, took place recently in Madrid—the civil ceremony in the offices of the Direction Générale de la Sûreté by the magistrate of the Buena Vista district; the religious ceremony in the church attached to the British Embassy. In the photograph, the bride is seen sitting; the bridegroom is standing to her left hand (x).—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

ON ASCOT SUNDAY.



IN THE LOCK.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE CUB: NOT THE EAGLET.*

A Cleopatra of Sixteen.

A sad story is Mr. Fleischmann's—a story of futility and disgrace following on one of those cold Napoleonic outbursts that seem so ill-named whether as passions or amours. A slender, large-eyed girl, a Cleopatra of sixteen, whose parents, none too sound or reputable, had put her to a fashionable school, caught the fancy of a French officer, also none too sound or reputable, became his wife, and two months later, owing to his imprisonment for forgery, his grass-widow: a Cleopatra of eighteen by then, and pitied by an old schoolfellow, Napoleon's sister, who took her as companion. To his sister's household Napoleon naturally came, before long, and the Murats, sister and brother-in-law, seeing him moved by young Eléonore's beauty, complaisantly lent their house as a place of assignation. Then "the fair E" came to the Palace [the Tuileries] secretly, but only seldom, and she used not to stay more than two or three hours there." Apropos, the fair E—who seems to have found Napoleon dull, tells herself that a clock hung on the wall of the recess where stood the bed, and it was her habit, when summoned to the chamber by the Emperor, deftly to put on the minute-hand some half-hour. Then, raising his head towards the dial, for the time allowed by him for amusements was strictly measured, "What, already!" he would cry, and dismiss what in the bliss of his masculine ignorance he regarded as a regretfully departing mistress.

Napoleon's First Son.

In any case, little Léon was the result. Eléonore was in a position to play his expected arrival as a trump-card when Napoleon grew angry with her for proving a bad correspondent. He demanded his daily letter, and did not always get it. Upon the last day of the year, far away in snowy Poland, he received news of his fatherhood. It was his first child—for Josephine had failed him—and next day on the march to Warsaw Napoleon met the woman who was to give him his second!

Napoleon's Solicitude. But the hour was Eléonore's, and she used it. Even presently, when she was tossed aside, "drummed out of the service like a dismissed soldier" and denied the Court, there was still the child. Little Léon was only left to his mother for two months, and then Imperial solicitude began to watch over him. He was given nurses, and a guardian, he was petted and fêted. Years after, amid the disasters of 1814, Napoleon increased his fortune by 12,000 francs a year. On the morrow of Waterloo he signed at the Elysée a deed of gift of 100,000 francs, and during "the long rainy evenings" at Longwood in the midst of exile, and at the eve of death, it was still "little Léon."

Léon's Career.

Great men's sons are notoriously apt to be in the nature of an anti-climax, and Léon's name was, after all, as much part of his mother's "Eléonore" as of his father's "Napoleon." The odd part of it was that morally he was distinctly reminiscent of that none too sound or reputable husband whom prison had snatched from his mother. Shady transactions and brazen begging had been the order of the day with M. Revel. They epitomised the later life of Napoleon's bastard. He became "a thing of follies, of manoeuvres, of dubious contrivances." He learned to rob and calumniate the mother to whom he had fled in a moment of youthful generous romance. The boast and glory of the *jeunesse dorée* of the later years of the Restoration, his creditors put him under lock and key at Clichy, with permission to play the French horn; in his old age his shirts were rags—not even clean rags—and he had not the wherewithal to buy tobacco. He made an end at seventy-five in a room adorned with four portraits of "my glorious father," and was buried in a pauper's grave.



GETTING QUITE A BIG GIRL: PRINCESS JULIANA, ONLY CHILD OF THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Princess Juliana was born on April 30, 1909

Photograph by Deutmann.

His Three Visits to England.

This is the sad story of futility and disgrace which Mr. Fleischmann unravels with patient care. Though Napoleon wrote at St. Helena, "I should not be sorry were little Léon to enter the magistracy," of such dignitaries, as Mr. Fleischmann comments, "little Léon" only knew the Judges whose duty it was to commit him to Clichy." He appears to have had no career or wish for one in any honourable sense. He changed his coat with the political weather, was something of a soldier, something of a politician, strongly suspected of being something of a spy,

and in and out of season he worked the Family dry. Thrice he came to England—once to bleed the Family; once, they said, as paid spy upon it; and at the third visit lodging at Camden Town, trying to sell, now that Empire and Emperor had gone (in '75), his Imperial relics. He married his gardener's daughter; he left her to earn her living as house-keeper after his death; his descendants remain obscure.

Léon's Origin. It is easy to understand Napoleon the Great having his moments of doubt as to Léon. He is said to have sometimes denied his own responsibility in the matter, and credited his brother-in-law, Murat, with the same. The unprejudiced reader may desire to father him with Revel, the two-months' husband of Eléonore, who himself contributes the early half of the narrative. Léon looks so remarkably a chip of that very rotten block. But against any theory besides the Napoleonic



BLOOD SHED: A DUEL IN THE PARC DES PRINCES, PARIS, FOUGHT FIRST WITH PISTOLS AND THEN WITH SABRES.

The duellists began with pistols; but the only victim was a sparrow. As a result, the fire-arms gave place to sabres, with which the adversaries slashed at one another fiercely. In the first bout one of the duellists was wounded on the head; in the third the other was cut on the chin; in the next the first man wounded received a slash on the nose. Finally, the referee stepped forward to interfere, and, in doing so, was wounded slightly in the knee. He is seen stepping forward in our photograph.—[Photograph by Topical.]

one is Napoleon's grant to the mother, and his unceasing concern with Léon's welfare. Mr. Fleischmann weighs each point and, though agreeing with Revel in little else, is with him in believing Count Léon to be the Unknown Son of the Great Napoleon.

* "An Unknown Son of Napoleon (Count Léon)." By Hector Fleischmann. (Eveleigh Nash; 10s. 6d. net.)

CHICK - MATE!

4.50
Littel
2.50
1.00



FOR SALE

"WOULD YOU IF YOU WERE ME?"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE PLAY'S THE THING.

By ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE.

AS Sheridan Casement concluded the reading of his play upon the husky and emotional note befitting a young dramatist convinced of an ultimate corner in Westminster Abbey and a niche upon Olympus, Georgette St. George rose, causing an earthquake to figure in the slumbers of the spaniel on her skirt. She made a memorable figure, clad as though freshly risen from a bath of Coleman's mustard, a mysterious saffron powder on her face to match, as with one hand she held a handkerchief to her black eyes, and with the other blindly sought the shoulder of Sheridan Casement and patted it.

"Don't be afraid that your play's not immortal and enormous," said the leading young tragedienne of the age.

"I'm not," said Sheridan Casement calmly.

"And don't be afraid that I shan't play it, or change my mind about it, dear—I never was like that," continued Miss St. George, who, since she had known Mr. Casement for three days and a half, had auld acquaintance' right to call him "dear."

"How would that look in black and white?" Casement suggested musingly. "My mind can't grasp things till they're written out. I always was like that!"

But, as some infants would seem to have a constitutional terror of the waves, Miss St. George had an instinctive fear of anything in black and white. She disregarded Mr. Casement's observation.

"You have taken it out of me terribly," she went on. "I shall have to take my temperature—come to his mother, Dinky darling! Yes; I am absolutely shaken and broken—shaken"—she clenched one fist and threw it outwards with a swimming stroke—"to the very depths of my being!"

How far down that went Sheridan Casement did not inquire. It was enough for him that the convulsion had seriously perturbed a top-dressing of the saffron powder.

"I can stick your being broken and shaken," he said, chuckling, "so long as your faith in the play's not shaken and your promise to play it's not broken."

And, almost insensibly, he slightly moved the ink-stand on the table where his elbow rested in the direction of Georgette St. George.

"Promises!"—she seemed cut to the heart by his blunt speech, "*Promises*—between you and me!" she said. "The only question is, Mr. Casement—is this a man's or a woman's play?"

"There are two West-End men after that play *now*," said Sheridan Casement clinchingly, "who've only given me three days to consider their offers in. But I wrote that play for *you*! There is no one living can play that play but you."

Her silence had just convinced him that one word more, and the right word, would bring Georgette St. George to heel—and to pen and paper as well—when a maid appeared with the tea-tray and a registered parcel.

Miss St. George's powers of recuperation were so remarkable that her shaken system rallied instantly at sight of the sealed packet, and Sheridan Casement, scenting an interrupted trail, had to "find himself" in tea.

"Pretty, aren't they?" said Miss St. George in a flaccid voice, after a long and rustling exploration amongst many papers, and as she held out an emerald necklet and a pair of ear-rings, a card dropped out of their case on to the floor. Sheridan Casement fixed his eyes upon the card. He scowled swiftly, thrust out his under-lip, and assumed the depicted attitude of Napoleon at Elba.

"What right has *he* to send you emeralds?" he said harshly and suddenly, and he pointed a finger at the card.

"Every right!" answered Miss St. George, fastening the necklet about Dinky's throat. "Let's try the ear-rings on the Dinky-dog!"

"You will please to tell me what that means," Sheridan Casement demanded.

Miss St. George was scarcely impressed by his behaviour. She lived in a world where one-half of the inhabitants spent a lifetime

in pretending to mean things, and the other half in pretending to believe them.

"It means that I am going to marry the Honourable Stephen Brassmore!" said Georgette St. George, screwing the emerald ear-rings on to the yellow flaps of the dog's ears. "He's a dear, delightful boy, but he's not got my Dinky's exquisite white soul!"

Alarmed at the foreign sensations which had sprung up in his ears, the Dinky-dog snapped at his mistress and trailed himself like a wounded hero underneath the sofa.

"Leave that white-souled dog alone!" Casement shouted, striking the edge of the mantelpiece with his palm. Opportunely his temper rose, for he had hurt himself.

"How dare you say that—to me?" he cried.

"Well, don't smite your Sheraton chest, dear," she answered.

"Take care!" he said. "You are perilously near the brink of being smart—as well as dangerously on the verge of ruining a man's whole life, career, and soul!"

Miss St. George was faintly interested and surprised.

"Whose, dear?" she asked.

He bent himself over her head, and spoke above it thrillingly.

"Surely you must have seen?" he breathed.

"Seen what?" she repeated.

"A man's disinterested devotion," Casement whispered.

She looked a little bit bewildered.

"Seen, dearie!" she said. "How *could* I see? You never sent me any dogs or emeralds!"

"Georgette, Georgette!" he answered. "Shall I ever succeed in teaching you that there are other ways of showing love—such as a deep, enduring silence—than enfolding you in a perpetual atmosphere of caramels, camellias, and Dinky-dogs! . . . You *know*," he went on, still in that low voice, "that but for you that play had never been conceived! You *know* that but for you my life had been well-nigh insupportable."

By the slow nod of her head, at last she conceded that her soul suspected it.

"Refuse me," Sheridan Casement said, "and you seal the doom of the child of my brain. It shall never see the electric light. For none but yourself shall play my play. But—cancel your engagement with this . . . man——"

She lost her temper suddenly.

"Cancel my engagement with the Honourable Stephen Brassmore because of *you*!" she said, striving apparently to loosen the collar of her dress. "Oh, this is insupportable! This is now past a jest!"

Standing by the door with folded arms, Sheridan Casement said sternly—

"It has never been a jest!" He turned to the door, then turned back. "You shall have your choice!" he said. "I give you till eight to-night. Take me, and you have my play: our fates are linked together—I and my play are one. Reject me, fail me by eight to-night, and I shall have flung my life back to the gods who thrust it on me against my will. And my play shall perish with me."

She felt in her artistic soul he should have added: "I have spoken!" as quietly he went out of the room, quietly she heard him go down stairs, as quietly leave the house. Vaguely she felt that there was something terrible in this quietness.

Miss St. George rose to her feet, and with her fingers down the collar of her dress, she moved her neck uneasily about.

"Insupportable!" she repeated.

At this juncture the door opened, and Miss Honey Attwill, companion, gooseberry, paragraph-puffer, private-boomer and professional-adorer to Miss St. George, came breathlessly into the room, with Mabbett, the maid, in tow.

"Well, Georgie darling, how did the play go?" she said.

"Honey, take my temperature!" replied Miss St. George, collapsing on a couch.

[Continued overleaf.]

HIS BERTH CERTIFICATE!



FOR SALE.

15895. Germany.

THE FIRST PASSENGER: I say, whatever are you putting on a thing like that for?—why, it's a woman's night-gown!

THE SECOND PASSENGER: In case of accident, my boy—"Women and children first!"

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.

Miss Attwill produced a clinical thermometer from her bag, and rushed at Miss St. George.

"Mabbett—look!" she called, putting the thermometer beneath Miss St. George's arm, and withdrawing it again at once. "It's considerably above the normal, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss 'Oney, it is!" said Mabbett.

Miss Attwill snapped the sofa. "It's the play that's done it!" she said.

Miss St. George stretched a finger, and pointed to the door.

"No," she said; "it was the man!"

"I met him on the steps—how dare he!" Honey Attwill said, darting the words at Miss St. George like javelins.

"He has dared to threaten to destroy himself and his tragedy by eight to-night, unless I cancel my engagement with—"

"The Honourable Stephen?" said Miss Attwill. "That's it!" she called out. "He'll do it! Won't he, Mabbett?"

"Yes, Miss 'Oney, he will!" said Mabbett.

"Didn't I tell you, Mabbett," cried Miss Honey Attwill, "when he rushed past me to the gate—'Mabbett,' I said, 'that man's got Murder in his eye!'"

"Yes, Miss 'Oney, you did!" said the maid.

"My dear, he frightened me!" continued Miss Honey Attwill to Miss Georgette St. George.

"Bah! it was a threat, and no more!" said Georgette, beginning to rise from her chair, "and yet—it's in me mind—"

"It's in her mind he'll do it!" whispered Miss Attwill to Mabbett.

"It's in me mind—from every look—that man's a man of his word!" concluded Miss St. George.

"Exactly what I said to Mabbett," Miss Attwill cried.

"This makes the fourth that's threatened," Mabbett began.

"Fifth, you mean," corrected Honey. Then, "Georgie!" she screamed suddenly. "You've paled the most extraordinary pallor! I must show you yourself in the glass! You couldn't—no, of course, you couldn't do it again!"

"Let me see!" said Miss St. George, hurrying to a mirror. "I wonder how I did it! Ah—that's exactly what I want for the new play!"

"You will be enormous in it, darling!" Miss Attwill said.

"But you haven't read it," answered Miss St. George, rolling her handkerchief into an agitated ball. "It's a prodigious—a unique situation—a work of extraordinary genius—and nobody but myself can touch it!" And she began to pace the room.

Mabbett and Miss Attwill darted looks at one another.

"Nothing must stop your playing in it!" declared Miss Attwill. "You mustn't give him the chance to take his life, before he's revised the play for you!"

"The play—the play!" exclaimed Miss St. George in superb disdain, "and do you think I'm thinking of the play!"

"My darling child, I know you're not," Miss Attwill answered. "All the same, though I know it's no comfort to you, if he does put an end to himself, no fear he'll keep a copy of the play!"

"No-w, no-w!" said Mabbett in contemptuous dissent, "I know them! They're that mean—he'll destroy the play to spite 'er for not 'avin' 'im!"

"Ah!" said Miss Attwill, "I never thought of that!"

Miss St. George stopped short in her pacing, and flung out her arms, and as she did so, Mabbett seized one of them, and Honey Attwill the other.

"One thing I will not have!" she cried. "And that's an innocent man's blood on my head! I've always made up my mind—"

"You're perfectly right, Miss St. George," said Mabbett admiringly.

"Some girls would have an eye to the advert. it would be in the papers!" Miss Attwill remarked.

"Mabbett!" Miss St. George exclaimed. "Don't put it into my head that I shall never see that fresh young life again!"

"I wouldn't dare to do it, Miss St. George," Mabbett answered. "But you know your fatal gift of second sight!"

"Hush!" whispered Miss Attwill, "don't remind her of that!"

"I shan't send back the emeralds," Miss St. George murmured as one in a dream, "for that would cut him to the quick!"

"But—you're not going to give the Honourable Stephen Brassmore up—for him!" Miss Attwill cried.

"'E couldn't even keep 'er in Dinky-dogs!" said Mabbett scornfully.

"Honey—Honey!" said Miss St. George. "What are titles—compared to sweet sleep and an untroubled mind!"

"Well, exactly, darling!" Miss Attwill interrupted, and turned eagerly to Mabbett. "And he could always—I mean, she could always divorce him for the Honourable Stephen at any time—"

Mabbett's eyes gleamed.

"Ow, yes, she might do worse," she answered; "'e'd be a savin'—'ed write her plays for nothing!"

Miss St. George laid a trusting hand in that of Honey Attwill.

"Whatever the termination," she said solemnly, "you'll not let any hint of this—this strange romance get into the papers, Honey?"

"My darling girl, what do you take me for!" exclaimed Miss Attwill.

Miss St. George was already scribbling something on a slip of paper.

"Mabbett, tell Pickering to ring up the District Messengers," she said, "and when the boy arrives, tell him to take this to the Honourable Stephen Brassmore's flat with the least possible delay! And, Mabbett, the correct time, please!"

And she passed into the bedroom which adjoined her sitting-room. Suddenly—she listened. "What is that?" she said.

There was a thunder of footsteps up the stairs, and a shrill cry of "Ow—Ow—Miss St. George!" and then Mabbett burst into the room.

"Ow, Miss St. George! At eight 'e'd do it, did you say! It's five minutes to, now! That's if the kitching clock's not wrong!"

Georgette St. George slung on a simple leopard-skin.

"Taxi! . . . Three sovereigns if he gets us there in time!" she stammered.

"Darling—you're forgetting your back-curls!" Miss Attwill screamed.

"How can I think of appearances," said Miss St. George, removing the saffron powder from her face with one swipe, and applying chalk-white powder with another, "when it's a matter of life and death?"

The cab appeared. Miss St. George, Miss Attwill, and Mabbett bundled into it. Miss St. George beat her feet on the floor. Mabbett cried "Ow dear, ow dear!" and Miss Attwill hung the upper portion of her person out of the cab-window, spurring the driver on with words like whips and scorpions.

"The Waste—the Genius!" cried Miss St. George. "Honey I'll give you anything—if only we're in time!"

"Don't let there be any talk of giving between you and me, beloved!" said Miss Attwill, apparently to the driver, and rapidly thinking of a new three-guinea blouse which Miss St. George had never taken to.

"Down goes a little boy!—and now a dog!—thank goodness, no! I thought they'd keep us back—"

"Can you see a clock—any sort of clock?" said Miss St. George to Mabbett.

"Ah!" cried Miss Attwill. "There—at—last!"

The gold was paid—they hurried to the lift inside the Mansions' hall. It seemed to jerk them with one jerk to Sheridan Casement's door.

The door stood ajar—and in the crack a milk-measure was set.

As they stepped inside, the sound of excited voices caught their ears.

"Ow!—they've found 'im!—it's the Ink-west!" Mabbett cried.

The clock struck eight. Suddenly there was the sound of a loud, explosive pop.

"It's gone off!" said Miss Attwill.

"Oh, my fatal gift of second sight!" cried Miss St. George.

With that they opened the door from which the voices came and hid behind it in a row.

"Have you done it?" Miss Attwill cried faintly from behind the door.

"Yes, that's done it!" an august professional voice replied.

Then through the open door there sounded the gurgling fizzle of champagne poured into tumblers—there came the joyous clattering of plates, the delicate scent of early salmon and of hothouse flowers.

Miss Attwill was stepping forward, when Georgette St. George stayed her with a hand. One prophetic shiver, and Georgette had recognised in that liquid elocution the voice that drenched the provinces in tears—the accents of the leading young tragedian of the age.

"There's only one thing, old man," the notorious voice went on; "it's prodigiously powerful, amazingly unique—but is this play a woman's play or a man's?"

"Good heavens, man," sounded the reproachful tones of Sheridan Casement's voice, "and you can ask me that! I wrote that play for you! No single, living soul can, or shall, play that play but you!"

"Catch her, Mabbett!" Honey Attwill cried, seeing Miss St. George sway forward at this moment like the snapped stalk of a flower.

White to the lips, and almost voiceless from emotion, Georgette St. George put out all her strength and drove Miss Attwill with her two hands into the waiting lift.

"Taxi! . . . quick! . . . Honey, my ermine coat," she gasped, "if you get to Brassmore's flat in time to stop my note!"

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

TOO MUCH CHAMPIONSHIP: TOO MANY SPECTATORS.

Near the End of Championships.

To many minds it is not so much an important consideration at the present time as to whether golf is a bad thing for human beings or not (and, after all, those who think it should not be played need not play it, and their criticisms never will prevent any man from playing his two, or even three, rounds a day if he wants to) as whether the game is not beginning to suffer in some ways through certain modern tendencies of a dangerous character; and in saying this one is not thinking any more of that much-maligned rubber-cored ball. We are getting near to the end of the championship season. Only the French professional event, then the more holiday affairs in Wales and Ireland later, and the American championships—if they are to have any particular concern for us this time, which is doubtful—remain. But what a season it has been! The old championships have been made bigger and much more complicated things, and, especially on the side of the ladies, there have been new ones started; and the question arising in many minds of good thinking quality is whether there is not becoming a little too much championship about golf, and whether the effect of all this organisation and a sort of advertisement that it gets is quite salutary. The whole tendency is, of course, to make of golf a spectacle, a show for the people, and golf was never meant to be that, and never could be without two kinds of golf coming into existence. The kind that we have had hitherto—that which is played simply for the enjoyment of the thing, and the fewer the watchers the better—might be hurt. I think that one of the best things Mr. Francis Ouimet has done since he has been in this country, and one which earned him the warm approval of nearly everybody, was when, upon it being announced that he would play an exhibition match with a certain professional on a course near London, he gave out the statement that he would do nothing of the kind, but that, if he chose to play a friendly game with the professional at a place and time agreed upon, that was his business and not that of those who wrongly felt themselves to be concerned.

Nuisance of Spectators.

The spectator—and most especially the ignorant spectator, who is putting himself into a big majority—is becoming a vile nuisance in this game. He has been far worse this year than ever before, and goodness knows he has been bad enough in some previous seasons. But now he comes on to the links in thousands to see what he cannot possibly understand, and, not being a player, never will do. He

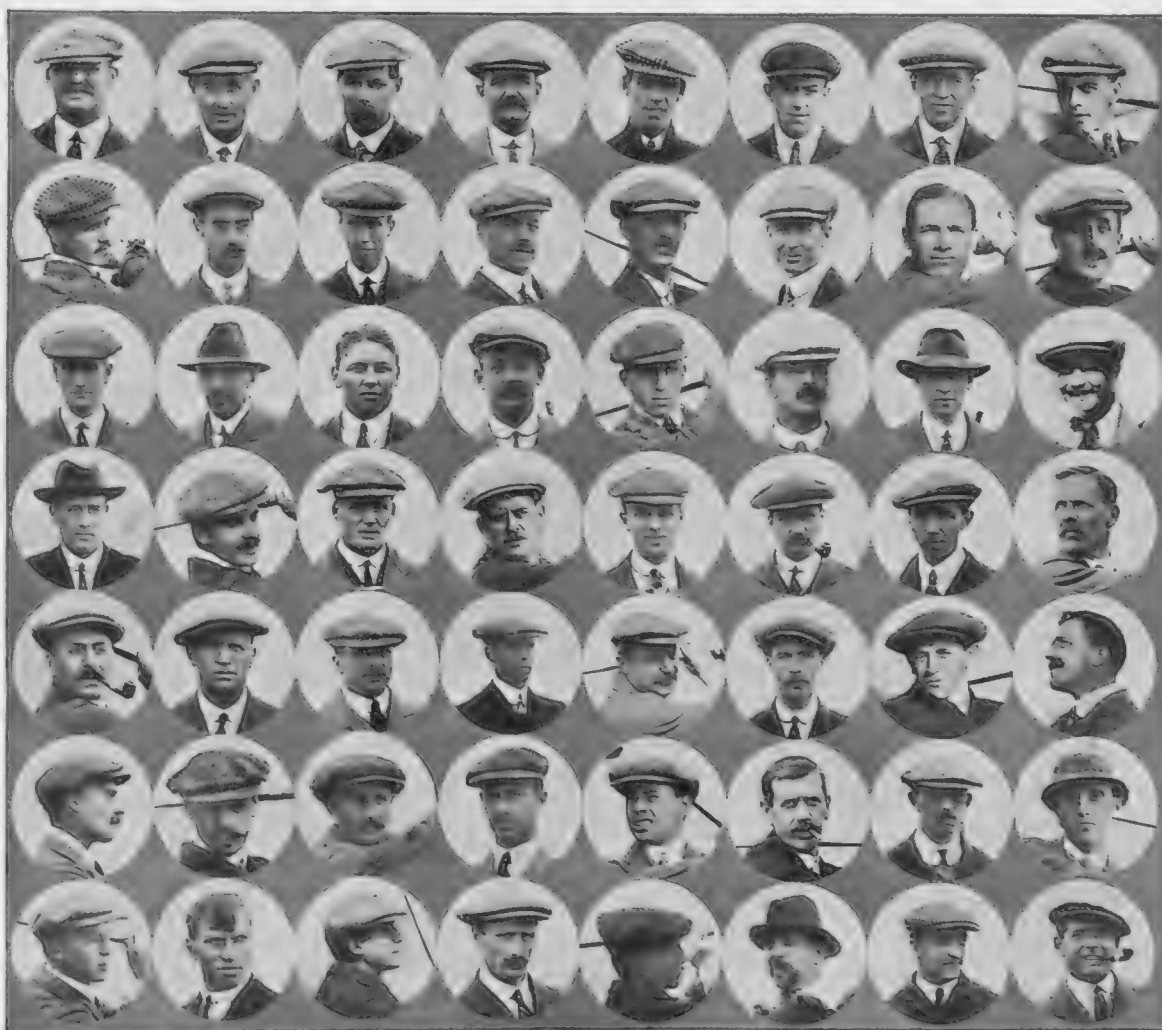
comes simply in a spirit of idle curiosity, and, not meaning anything wrong, but simply never having acquired the proper golfing manners, he is continually saying and doing the wrong thing, and generally making a very considerable nuisance of himself. He asks the names of the players, and says to his friend that the one they are looking at is Braid, when all the time it is Taylor, and he may even say that Harry Vardon is an American. The hundreds and hundreds of these people who scamper over the courses when a particular pair are engaged in their championship business spoil the pleasure and comfort of all concerned, and particularly those of the legitimate golfing spectator. Once or twice this season the state of things nearly became such that the game was impossible; it was certainly rendered far more difficult for the players than it would otherwise have been. The secretaries of the big clubs realise the danger, and the possibility that if only a few more hundreds of spectators come

into the operation, as they certainly will do if something is not done to check them, championships will become almost unmanageable events; but at the same time one must say they are doing nearly everything as a body to encourage the nuisance. If golf is to become a show, and if we are to have grand stands made round eighteenth putting-greens—then Ichabod!

Concerning Betting.

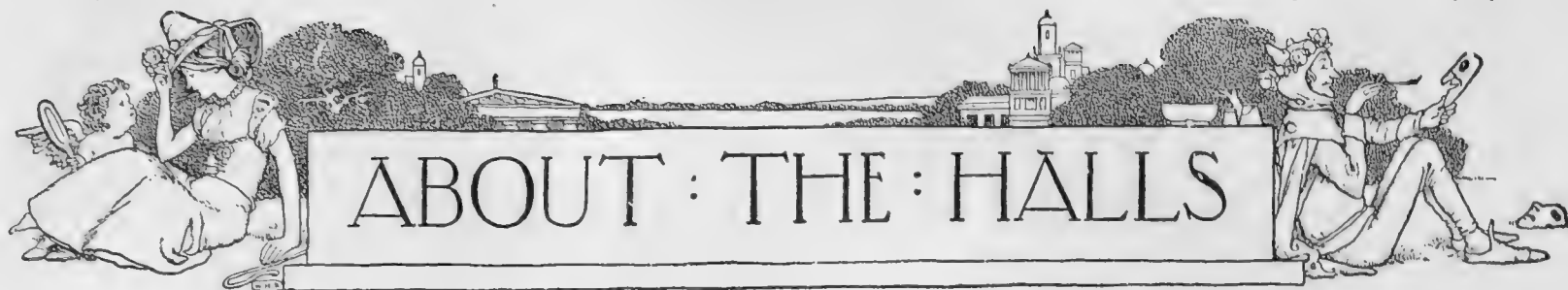
Nothing will be done to check the non-golfing spectator's curious interest until the wrong kind of publicity that is sometimes given to some golfing events ceases, as it may do; but there is one thing that, in fairness to golfers as a body, ought to be done to prevent his attendance, and that is a regular rule should be established and

put into force everywhere that only would-be spectators who are bona-fide members of golf clubs will be admitted to the courses when it is possible to exclude the others. There is another evil that may arise if things go on as they are, and the first sign of it appeared this season. For all the talk that there often is about betting on golf matches, I am sure that it is not by any means an evil of the game at the present time. Most of the betters are the players, and it is not an awful thing if men play for stakes that presumably they can afford to lose. The report about the enormous sums of money that were betted on the Americans at Sandwich—tens of thousands of pounds—was ridiculous. But a printed circular was recently sent round to golfers by a betting firm offering to lay certain odds about the Amateur and Open Championships. This is where the general non-golfing spectator may make himself interested, and we do not like the idea. — HENRY LEACH.



ENTRANTS FOR THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.

From left to right are seen (first row) J. H. Taylor, H. Vardon, J. Braid, A. Herd, George Duncan, Mr. F. Ouimet, W. L. Ritchie, and G. Oke; (second row) Cyril Hughes, A. Seymour, C. Johns, J. B. Batley, Abe Mitchell, J. G. Sherlock, G. Lockhart, and W. M. Watt; (third row) T. Ball, J. W. Gaudin, G. Gadd, T. Williamson, Mr. E. A. Lassen, C. Smith, F. Leach, L. B. Ayton; (fourth row) Mr. H. H. Hilton, E. Bannister, W. Thompson, J. Bradbeer, R. W. Orr, J. Adwick, W. E. Reid, and S. Whiting; (fifth row) J. Hepburn, Josh Taylor, J. D. Edgar, M. Moran, A. Massy, P. O'Hare, E. Whitcombe, and C. Gray; (sixth row) Captain Hutchison, A. F. Kitley, E. Risebro, Mr. J. L. C. Jenkins, H. J. Frostick, W. Hambleton, J. Souter, and Lord Charles Hope; and (bottom row) Tom Fernie, A. Compston, J. Turner, C. Roberts, H. Cawsey, E. Ray, J. Gassiat, and H. B. Simpson.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



FUTURIST FIENDS AT THE COLISEUM : REVOLUTIONARY FIENDS AT THE PALLADIUM : WHISTLING FIENDS.

City of Dreadful Noise.

Are the nerve-slaying noises of the streets sufficient for your day, or do you pine for more of the evil thereof? Are you content with what that sylvan solitude, the Strand, already gives you in the way of roarers and gurglers and buzzers, or do you vexedly hold the opinion that the motor traffic is meanly withholding from you your proper share of London's bewildering orgy of sound signifying lunacy? If you feel so neglected, and would like to see yourself righted in this respect, you should attend a "Grand Futurist Concert of Noises" at the Coliseum. If, on the other hand, which is probably the more likely hand of the two, you consider you meet with enough discordance of sound without deliberately and in cold blood going in search of more, and paying for it, you will wisely stop away and let Mr. Oswald Stoll and his hardy staff have the din to themselves. Personally, and perhaps rather frankly, I regard the landing on these shores of Signor Marinetti and his band of Futurist fiends as a deplorable instance of official helplessness in the departments of the Board of Health. The whole thing proves that little or no consideration is given here to the protection of the public mind, and that the spreading of grave nervous disorder can't be worried about while there is chicken-pox to attend to. Over and over again we are reminded, lest we should forget, that the music-halls prosper because their cheerily irresponsible entertainment has a soothing effect upon the tired brain of the worker. I wonder what the tired brain of the worker thinks of Signor Marinetti's achievements in infernalism, "The Awakening of a Great City" and "A Meeting of Motor-Cars and Aeroplanes," as performed on a set of instruments officially described, and truthfully described at that, as "exploders, thunderers, rattlers, and cracklers"! These new instruments of torture, I am informed by the Coliseum programme, have been imported specially from Milan. If I look somewhat

greedily to their speedy deportation thither, along with their inventors, Luigi Russolo and Ugo Piatti, it is because I very seriously believe that such hellish noises are a grave menace to the sanity of my fellow-men.

Not the Only "Only Way."

Heat has no terrors for the patrons of the popular programme. Upon a recent evening of thundery oppressiveness, I found the huge Palladium packed. Certainly the bill of fare was of uncommon irresistibility, for it contained such real comedians as George Robey and Albert Whelan, and it

which, with its "Reign of Terror" story and its "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" mobs *en suite*, is quite a big "production." The story may possibly recall that of Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," out of which Mr. Martin Harvey saw "The Only Way." A cool and cynical Marquis, with all the ways, and a few over, of the proud aristocrat of the French Revolution, is platonically in love with the beautiful young Gabrielle de Fontenay, upon whose charms Sir Harry Edgecombe, an English youth, has cast a prospective matrimonial eye. Seeing that Gabrielle may find life, for a season or two, unbearable without her Sir Harry at her red heels, and feeling himself, as a middle-aged man, to be hopelessly out of the running, the noble Marquis de Valencourt determines to rescue young Edgecombe and the girl from the Revolutionary fiends who are closing upon the Château de Valencourt, and to concentrate the ferocity of the rabble upon himself. This he does, with an amount of swanky bravery which plunges his spectators to the moral level of worms—and so ends a noble Marquis and not at all a bad little drama. The central figure is picturesquely played by Mr. Rohan Clensy, and it is high tribute to the producer for me to record that his mob now and again struck such terror into my soul that I felt I owed it to my family to get up and run.

"The Merry-Go-Round" Re-Ridden.

No doubt it is a very good sign for the fate of "The Merry-Go-Round," at the Empire, that the "boys" of the lounges should already have sucked in its melodies and become experts at whistling them out again with more or less regard to their composers' intentions. I remember a former Empire managing director (the late Hector Tennant) saying to me, "When the lads have picked up our tunes and worn out our carpets, I fear no board meeting! The shareholders will wring your hand off and insist upon sending Christmas gifts to your children, even when you are a bachelor!" So no doubt, as I have said, it is all the better for the Empire box-office that the songs of pretty Norah Bayes, Mr. Alfred Butt's American star, should so soon have reached the whistling stage of recognition. But I found it more than a bit tiresome when three young boiled-shirted bloods, with their toppers displacing their ears, came and stood by the side of the stalls and persisted in anticipating, by a bar or so, Miss Norah Bayes' chorus to "There She Goes!" It almost made me selfishly wish that this clever lady had been a failure. These boys from Oxford or the Oxford, whichever it may be, should take a hint in manners from the galleryites, who whistle choruses at and in the right time, and thus help rather than hinder the artist. I thought "The Merry-Go-Round" still lacking in humorous scenes and people, but I understand it is going to be written up and generally strengthened in the comedy department. The stripped-to-the-waist (back view) ladies are still one of the leading features in the way of spectacle, though the woman sitting in front of me, and showing me almost the last knob on her spine, *did* declare the novelty (?) to be disgusting.

ROVER.



RUSSIAN DANCERS: "LES ORIENTALES,"
BY MALVINA HOFFMAN.

Examples of Miss Malvina Hoffman's sculptures are being shown at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. The sculptor has shown much in New York.



RUSSIAN DANCERS: "LA BACCHANALE,"
BY MALVINA HOFFMAN.

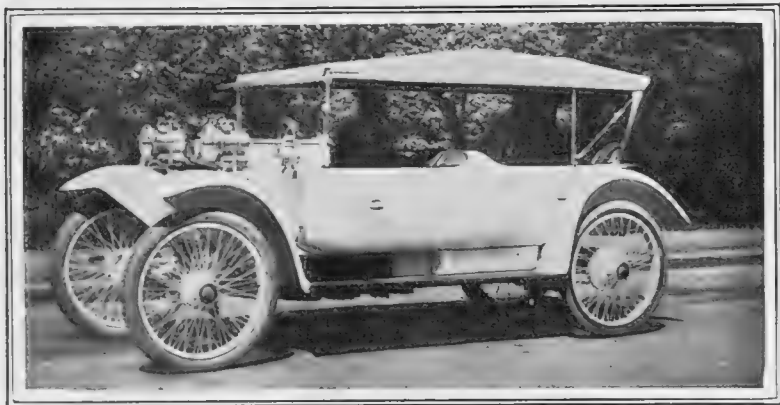
Photograph by Campbell Studios.



THE POPPET AND THE SLEEVE-VALVE: CARS FOR COLONIALS.

The Proof of the Poppet-Valve.

A voluble and voluminous motor writer in one of the evening papers is bold enough to suggest that because a poppet-valve engine won the Tourist Trophy race, therefore we have learned nothing, and that design stands where it did. Does it? Well, perhaps this writer and others will withhold the expression of such opinions until such time as the mechanical details of the Sunbeam cars have been made known in every particular. The publication of the design of these cars has been, up to the moment, denied even to the *Autocar*—always favoured in these instances by the Sunbeam people. Secrecy has been maintained for more reasons than one, but more particularly because of the fact that the Grand Prix engines and chassis are but bigger brothers of those which figured so well in the late Isle of Man conflict. When the innermost beings of these cars come to light, it will be found that Mr. Coatalan had learned lessons from previous competitions and profited by them in no small degree; and so, also, will profit the general user of the Sunbeam in time to come, for no one is more ready to acknowledge



DESIGNED FOR THE COLONIES: A 25-H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER LANCHESTER, BUILT TO THE ORDER OF SIR R. MUNRO-FERGUSON, GOVERNOR-GENERAL-ELECT OF AUSTRALIA.

The car, which is to seat five, has ivory-white finish and blue upholstery. It is of the well-known Colonial model of the Lanchester touring-cars.

the lessons taught by racing and the subjection of cars to racing stresses than the brilliant designer of the Sunbeam cars.

The Sleeve-Valve Justified.

But apart from an addition to the exemplifications of the Sunbeam poppet-valve engine, we had the wonderful revelation of the speed at which the Minerva-Knights could be got to rotate. Hitherto the sleeve-valve engine, though delightful to ride and drive, had not been regarded in the light of a racing engine, the inertia of the sleeve-valves being held to be inimical to high revolutionary speeds. But all these doubts have been dispersed by the highly creditable performances of the three Minerva cars, the engines of which must, in the ordinary course of things, have revolved nearly, if not quite as rapidly as any of the poppets during the Isle of Man Race. Their gear-ratios must have been round about that of many of their competitors, or they could not have climbed the mountain in the way they did. Therefore, their engine-speed could not have been less than that of the poppet-valve engines, and this is where the surprise to the outside world came in. But those who had asserted that the sleeve-valve engines could not be made to turn as rapidly as those of the poppet-valve persuasion had quite lost sight of the records put on by the Argyll at Brooklands in May of last year.

Where Invention Marks Time

Many and manifold as have been the improvements in the motor-car during the last ten years, it would appear almost as a reflection upon the concrete inventive genius of motor-designers that, except in great improvements in workmanship and material, the gear-box and the differential gear remain as they were. In view of the former, it is well to remember that the great French

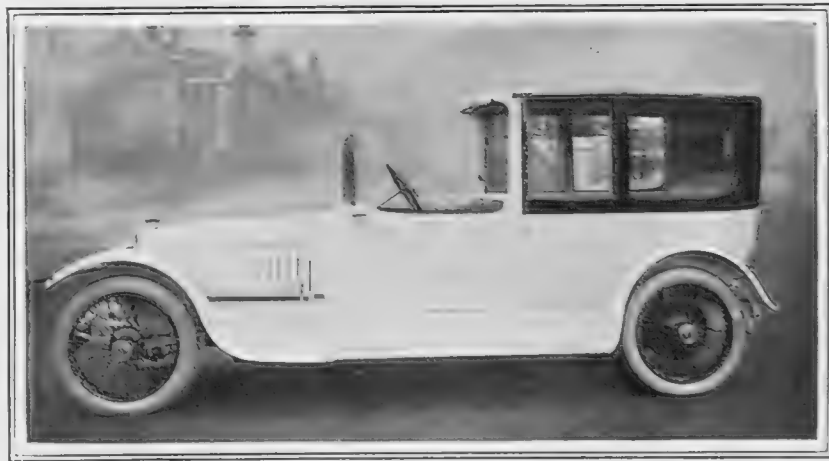
engineer who adapted the change-speed gear to the exigencies of the internal-combustion engine at once and always realised its crudity, even to the extent of admitting "c'est brutal, mais ça marche." And, bewildering in the face of advance in almost every other detail, the same thing must be held and said of the gear-box to-day as was said by Levassor of his own adaptation. It must not be thought, however, that the subject has been neglected. Time and again, in season and out of season, the inventor has descended upon it, and, after much labour, has brought forth nothing. Despite all his efforts—and their name is legion—the gear-box, with its inter-sliding teeth, remains with us yesterday, to-day, and, it really would appear, for ever. But it is always the unexpected that happens, and before these words see the light the perfect gear-change may have descended upon us.



TO SHOW THE VERY HIGH UNDER-CLEARANCE: A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF A LANCHESTER COLONIAL MODEL.

The Trenchant Twenty Colonial Napier.

Equally with a representative of one of the leading motor journals, I have just lately been afforded a trial trip of a somewhat searching character on one of the 20-h.p. Colonial Napiers. This car is the outcome of years of experience in building motor-cars for use over the shockingly trying roads of our Colonies, and of the valued advice of the Napier Colonial agents. Had other British manufacturers taken similar pains in studying the requirements of our Colonial brethren, there would be fewer American-built automobiles in our Overseas Dominions to-day. But the average English maker has considered that the sauce suitable for the English goose should also answer for the Colonial gander, and the loss of many markets has been the result. Now my trial of the car above-named has convinced me that here is a vehicle which can be bought for and used in the Colonies with every satisfaction to the



RECENTLY DELIVERED TO MME. GABY DESLYS: A 30-H.P. SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX. The car is fitted with an all-steel "Belvoir" type landaulette by Messrs. Van den Plas.

user, for from stem to stern it is designed to comply with Colonial requirements. Back-axle clearance, steering-lock, height of vital parts above water-level, large wheel-diameters, and general robustness of construction are all that they should be.



IT is more than probable that the King will honour the return of Lord Wimborne and his men by offering them his personal congratulations. His Majesty has always shown the keenest interest in the recovery of the Cup, and at the disheartening moment when everything seemed to be going wrong with the constitution of the challenging team his support and encouragement did much to bring home to backward champions the desirability of patriotic co-operation with Lord Wimborne. Last week, when the news of victory was telephoned to Windsor in the middle of the night, his Majesty was himself in possession of the receiver. He had lost that day at Ascot; but it is understood his Majesty declared that the win at Meadowbrook meant more to him than all the successes of the Turf put together. He counts a national triumph as more important than a dozen personal gratifications.

King Alfonso's Cable. Lord Wimborne and his friends

bring home many things besides the Cup. Among the mementos with which their bags are filled are sheaves of congratulations. Each had a cable from the King of Spain, with whom they are, with one exception, personally acquainted. Captain Leslie Cheape did not go to Spain on the trial tour, and therefore missed the royal blessing in Madrid. But his cable was not the less friendly on that account. King Alfonso contrives, in the course of twenty words, to introduce himself, congratulate the Captain on his play in the past, wish him well for the future, and commiserate with him on a broken nose. It is a cable-worthy to take its place with the bravest efforts of the Kaiser.

His Grace Suspected.

The other morning Mr. G. K. Chesterton found himself in difficulties in Bouverie Street; his taxi refused to mount the hill until he had lightened its burden by dismounting. Later in the day he was again in difficulties; it was borne in on him at a luncheon in Mayfair that asparagus cannot be eaten with dignity and ease. Such are the tremendous trifles that make literature. "G. K. C." has still to write an article about break-downs, but a brilliant essay on asparagus is already in print. He makes the limp and tiresome and toppling vegetable an image of the aristocracy, one of the least points of resemblance being that sticks of asparagus have often lost their heads, and that the same may be said of aristocrats. Mr. Chesterton, a democrat, has never gone farther than the losing of a hat. This happened after an evening party at Stafford House.

The author descended the great stairway, and looked in vain for his impossible wide-awake on the marble table where he had left it on entering. "Perhaps the Duke has stolen it," he suggested, with one of his inimitable chuckles, when the footman failed for a moment to produce it.



MISS AGNES JONES AND MR. JAMES WHITMORE SCOTT, WHOSE WEDDING WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JUNE 23).

The bride is the second daughter of Mr. C. A. Jones, Deputy Constable of Carnarvon Castle, and Mrs. Jones, of Carnarvon. Mr. Scott is well known as of Strasburgh, Ennis, Ireland.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]



ENGAGED TO MISS EVA VIOLET MOND: THE HON. GERALD RUFUS ISAACS.

Mr. Isaacs is the only son of the Lord Chief Justice and Lady Reading, and was called to the Bar about two years ago.

Photograph by Sarony.

The Kiss. A current

story has it that Pavlova, when she kissed the hand of the German Emperor, left a small red mark on his white glove. "I was never so frightened," she says, in the reported version of what is called "an awkward contretemps." One weak point is that Pavlova is the least be-routed of all performers; another, that even if a dancer, straight from the stage, gave herself

away to the extent of a dab of red, nobody would be alarmed. The really weak point, however, is that in this case the gallant Kaiser did the kissing.



TO MARRY MR. TATTON BOTFIELD BARDWELL TOMORROW (JUNE 25): MISS MARY CAMPBELL.

Miss Mary Campbell is the younger daughter of the late Captain Campbell and of Mrs. Campbell of Dunstaffnage, of Fanans, Taynuilt, Argyll. Mr. Bardwell is the second son of Mr. T. N. F. Bardwell, D.L., of Bolton Hall, Wilberfoss, York.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MR. GOWAN HARLAND TO-DAY (JUNE 24): MISS WINIFRED OWEN OWEN-JONES.

Miss Owen-Jones is the second daughter of Major-General Owen-Jones, C.B., late of the Royal Engineers, of Bryn Tegid Bala, and 1, Knaresborough Place. Mr. Harland is the third son of the Rev. A. A. and Mrs. Harland, of Harefield, Middlesex.

Photograph by Macnaghten.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. GERALD RUFUS ISAACS: MISS EVA VIOLET MOND.

Miss Mond is the eldest daughter of Sir Alfred Mond, Bt., and Lady Mond. She was born in 1895.

Photograph by Waller Barnett.

Miss Mond and Her Fiancé. Ascot brought together

many people who are not generally associated with the Turf, and Lady Mond and her newly engaged daughter were among the novices. The Hon. Gerald Isaacs, the fortunate young man, has, on the other hand, something of the look of the races. He is very like his father; and since Lord Russell no Judge has carried with him so obvious a suggestion of the Turf. Even when Lord Reading is in his wig, one half expects to see field-glasses slung at his shoulder.

The White (and Black) House. Wash- ington is ex-

cited. Mr. Roosevelt never put his servants into livery, but Mrs. Taft did: and now the Wilsons have instituted a smarter garb of olive-drab for the many negroes who open the door and wait at table. The main point, however, is that the President's chauffeur, a white man, is now accompanied by a negro footman. They sit on the same seat and wear the same livery—a state of things unheard of in a city full of Southern prejudices. Mr. Wilson's innovations are amazing Washington society.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Mr. Shaw and the "Tender Passion."

Though his lovers fight like tigers and use plenty of bad language—professor and flower-girl are alike in this respect—there is no doubt that Mr. Shaw is more human in "Pygmalion" than he has hitherto shown himself. The curious love-affair between Higgins and Eliza is so real as to make us feel (what most stage love-scenes do not) a trifle uncomfortable, as if we were assisting at a psychological revelation of a too intimate nature for a casual audience. This irritable scientist and fiery flower-seller are well matched; each, we know, will "stand up to" the other for the rest of their lives, which are likely, one may surmise, to be of a turbulent nature. Still, unlike Mr. Shaw's lovers in other plays, these two are singularly enamoured, and the scene where Eliza, at her lady-like embroidery, plays off the Anglo-Indian Colonel on to the other is a bit of genuine comedy. Of course, like all Mr. Shaw's males, this lover is singularly unwilling, and has, like Tanner, to be forced into the arms of his lady. If mankind were really like Mr. Shaw so divertingly depicts it, the human race would have dwindled down to small proportions long ago. Fortunately, it has survived and produced a Bernard Shaw.

Our Limited Speech.

It is a strange and disquieting fact that the more advanced and highly educated people are, the more limited and commonplace is their speech. In the United States, every child is given a good all-round education, yet the language of the slums in New York and Chicago, if more picturesque, is quite as limited as that of London and Liverpool. When you read Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" for the thirteenth time—which, if you care for literature, you will certainly do—you will find a company of tramps, cottagers, and tipsy loafers using the most astounding images and decorating their phrases with the choicest flowers of fancy. Mr. Synge's lovers do not exchange physical endearments, but they talk of future love-making in a way that haunts the imagination. Their phrases are as beautiful and alluring as those of the Samoan chiefs who wrote of Robert Louis Stevenson. Their hyperbole does not seem far-fetched, any more than that of those South Sea islanders who lamented the passing away of the great and gentle Story-Teller who lived at Vailima. Can it be that poetical images live only in the speech of simple, primitive, and "uncivilised" folk?—that, with the coming of universal book-learning, the whole world will be as shy, gawky, and self-conscious, as little prone to give way to imagination, as a youthful Briton or American? It is a parlous thought. The so-called "Savage" uses wonderful ornaments of speech, and so do Asiatics. It is only in our commonplace West that we have discarded the flower of Rhetoric. It is singular, however, that this decorative language, this wealth of imagery in Galway and Mayo, does not imply Sentiment or Romance. Marriages are "arranged," and girls bartered for, with all the cynicism of

a French drawing-room, and the Irish colleen does not allow love to interfere with her marriage.

Polo for Girls.

American women, who have developed during the last two decades into admirable and strenuous sportswomen, have now taken up the game of polo among their out-door recreations. It seems only a short while ago that the American was a radiant but delicate and diaphanous creature who never walked a step, sat, in soft white muslins, slowly rocking herself in verandahs, and whose only notion of "sport" was in temporarily engaging the affections of her masculine contemporaries. But this kind of Young Person has disappeared, even from the pages of American comic newspapers. The new girl is almost as tall as, and certainly broader than, her English contemporary, and she is singularly addicted to an out-door life, games and sports of all descriptions. In this, as in other things, the daughters of Columbia have not disdained to follow the lead of their English cousins. These Transatlantic sportswomen are not only taking up polo with fervour, but play it with men, either as partners or adversaries, with "a fair field and no favour." The feminine polo-player must, of course, adopt riding astride, as the exigencies of the game demand guiding the pony with the knees. With a side-saddle it would be impossible. Many of the most expert polo-players come from the hard-riding aristocratic families of the Southern States, who have inherited the tradition of their English ancestry. The Meadowbrook Hunt Club on Long Island led the way with this remarkable innovation in women's games, but the ladies of Washington, Philadelphia, and Fort Meyer, Virginia, where the wives of officers congregate, are all amazingly infatuated with this daring and spectacular game.

Are Americans "Clothes-Mad"?

There has been a great to-do in Chicago recently on the question of women's clothes. The General Federation of Women's Clubs met in solemn conclave and declared that Columbia "would never, never be the slave" of French fashions, and that, moreover, they intended to take the extreme step of designing and adopting home-made ones. Others asserted that their feminine contemporaries were "clothes-mad," and declared that a New Yorker is obliged to spend "a third of his income" in providing furbelows for his wife. This amount certainly seems excessive, yet it is probably not far from the truth. I have met American women of all classes and all degrees of wealth and poverty, but they are all alike in this—that Dress and the adornment of the person seem of vast and paramount importance to them. The European woman, as far as millinery is concerned, is but a poor amateur at extracting jewels, furs, and other lovely things out of her menkind. The average American thinks first of all of her own appearance (and uncommonly smart and attractive she invariably is), and then of the beast of burden who toils to adorn her.



THE LATEST NOVELTY IN CAPES—LARGE REVERS FASTENED WITH SASH ENDS.

We illustrate a charming creation by Ernest, of 185, Regent Street.

Photograph by W. Rath and Buys.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 25.

KAFFIRS.

IF it be possible to single out any one department where business has been even worse than elsewhere during the last year or so, we think the Kaffir Market would receive the proverbial bun or biscuit. And this is not altogether surprising in view of the strike last summer, and the consequent decrease in the labour supply and increase in working costs.

As we have pointed out on one or two occasions, an improvement in these latter directions has been lately apparent. For a long time past our correspondence has borne witness to the apathy of public attention to mines, but during the last week or two we have had a great many more letters dealing with such securities, and it looks as though there is some possibility of a revival of interest in the Mining Market. The half-yearly dividends of Kaffirs announced up to the present are certainly every bit as good as could have been expected, and in normal times could have been relied upon to infuse a little life into business.

Of the eighteen dividends which have been announced to date, seven are unaltered as compared with those for the same period of 1913, and seven show declines. Most of these were expected by the market, and, with the exceptions of Brakpan, Rose Deep, and Van Ryn, are not very important. The reduction to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on Bantjes Consolidated makes the shares look rather dear at their current figure.

City Deep, Nourse Mines, Robinson Gold, and Modder "B" all register improvements. In the case of City Deep, still better things should be possible, but the quotation of $3\frac{1}{4}$ discounts the future for some little way ahead.

Robinson Gold is nearly worked out, and, in spite of prospects of 10s. and 20s. bonuses, we are not inclined to advise a purchase. Modder "B" is a favourite recommendation of ours, and when the extended plant comes into operation the shares should go still better.

ZINC CORPORATION.

This concern has had an adventurous career, and, not so very long ago, appeared to be in a very bad way.

Thanks, however, to the advance in the science of metallurgy, and more especially to the Lyster process, the extraction of lead from low-grade ores has become very profitable, and the Company's property called the South Blocks Mine has turned out to be a highly valuable asset.

In the second half of 1911 a profit of £73,244 was made. A sudden jump in 1912 increased the net profit, after the allowance of £40,600 for depreciation, to £232,831, which enabled the directors to distribute dividends of 35 per cent. and $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. respectively on the Ordinary and Preference capital.

The report which has just appeared shows results which must be considered quite satisfactory, although they exhibit an appreciable reduction on the previous year's figures.

On this occasion £29,000 is placed to depreciation, and the net profit then remaining comes to £196,600. The total distributions for the year are brought up to 30 per cent. on the Ordinary and to 35 per cent. on the Preference, while the carry-forward is increased by about £4000 to £26,600.

The Company's position is a strong one, as the South Blocks Mine stands at a comparatively small figure in the balance-sheet, and nothing is allowed for the ore developed.

The Chairman's speech at the forthcoming meeting should be worth attention, especially as regards information of developments at the 8th Level, where so much is hoped from the widening of the lead lode. Meanwhile, the shares stand rather higher than they did twelve months ago, but, even so, appear to have possibilities as a speculation.

JUMBLED JOTTINGS.

The report of the Leopoldina Terminal Company for 1913 shows an increase of £7000 in net earnings, which thus amounted to £85,800. The Ordinary shares received $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which is the same as a year ago, £6300 is appropriated for sinking-fund charges, and the carry-forward is increased to £5000. The improvement is satisfactory, but at this rate it must be some time before the shares are worth appreciably more than the current figure of 8s. 9d. The 5 per cent. Debentures, however, only require £62,500 per annum, so the Leopoldina Railway is not likely to be called upon to fulfil its guarantee.

Something definite at last in the Cuban Ports "affaire." A decision has been given in the local Court that the Bonds are a valid mortgage and that the Government must hand over the port tax to the Company. Whether this decision will be upheld on appeal, if one takes place, remains to be seen. We are inclined to think it will, and the Company's hand is undoubtedly very much strengthened. So much for the Bondholders; but the shareholders' position is, unfortunately, much more doubtful.

A few months ago the shares of Charron, Ltd., looked like going to 30s., but since then there has been a steady stream of selling which has carried the price down to about 12s. 6d. As far as we can learn, the Company's business is progressing satisfactorily, so we are forced to conclude that the current explanation—namely, forced liquidation of large holding—is correct. It would be more satisfactory if we could confirm the details of this story, but we have failed to do so up to the present.

The Consolidated Diesel engines continue to revolve in a maze of muddle and mystery. The directors have at last risen up in arms against Mr. Peddie, and declare their determination not to share their imperial sway over the remnants of the business with anyone in the world! In effect, they say to the shareholders, whose servants they are supposed to be, "If you suggest anybody helping us, we'll recommend voluntary liquidation." We hold a brief for neither party, but the directors' action appears both high-handed and unnecessary.

Not many weeks ago, we ventured to prophesy that the Spies dividend would be made up to $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year. The final distribution of 1s. per share which has just been announced makes only $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in all. We therefore have to eat humble pie, and admit our mistake. We think, however, that the report, when it appears, will show that the directors have adopted a conservative attitude owing to the water trouble on the South Baskahoff plot.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

His broker greeted Our Stroller with enthusiasm unfeigned.

"Bless my heart alive!" he exclaimed. "This is indeed like Old Times. Why, I'd almost given you up."

"When is a client like a conundrum? When he's given up," laughed Our Stroller. "To make a clean breast of it, I——" and he lowered his voice to a whisper.

"No?" cried his broker incredulously. "Not you, surely? Why, you stand to pay much more than you would if——"

"So I have discovered. And therefore the lost lamb returns penitently to the true fold."

The broker shook his head sadly. "You all do in time," he replied. "It's good for us in the long run, but I didn't think that you——"

"Behold me in sackcloth and ashes!"—and again Our Stroller laughed. "Whew, it's hot!"—and he took off his new silk hat.

"You ought to wear something cooler this weather," advised the broker. "No gallant gambler can think Imperially under head-gear like that."

"I've foresworn gambling for quite a long while. Take me to tea somewhere."

"Ladies or gentlemen?" inquired the broker. "I mean," noticing the puzzled look, "men-waiters, or ladies in the diaphanous, who serve tea and take the open-neck rest-cure with it."

"Oh, men, thanks. All my speculations are thoroughly innocent."

The atmosphere you could have cut with a knife, but the many men did not seem to trouble about such a detail. The broker ordered tea.

"Busy?" asked Our Stroller cruelly.

"Can't eat for work," answered his broker with calm untruthfulness. "But I can see the day when we shall be over-worked."

"It's a long time coming?"

"So much the more certain is it to arrive. Now, there's the Consol Market, for instance."

"Are people really buying these four per cent. stocks? Some of the newspapers talk of investment business going on, but I'm a bit cautious about newspaper statements."

"Why in this case?"

"Don't know. I've heard they throw out this sort of stuff in order to attract advertisements, and maybe——"

"You can believe this time, anyway. I think myself that any good four per cent. at 98, or thereabouts, ought to be safe for a couple of points' rise."

"We wax modest in our old age," said another man near by. "Why not go the whole hog, and predict all-round rises of ten points apiece in Home Rails?"

"Labour——"

"Labour be hanged! Once the market put on its buying boots, you'd want a general strike to stop a thorough-going rush-up."

"I believe it's coming," put in a sad-faced man. "Seven-and-twenty years have I been in that rat-hole"—he nodded rudely in the direction of the Stock Exchange—"and never have I seen business stay away so long as it has done this time."

"Well, you may be right," rejoined the broker. "All I can say is that, although I shouldn't put off a client who wanted to buy the stocks, the labour business would stop me following his lead unless he was a man whose luck I could absolutely trust."

"I lost a lot of gold over tin," observed Our Stroller.

"So have most of us. But, of course, the price of tin can't stay down for ever."

"We all thought it would stay up when tin went to £220."

(Continued on page 388.)

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Nothing Doing. A woman about town last week would either have been very sorry for herself or would have an excellent time of it, according to her disposition. Had she desired to see and be seen, to join the great dress show, to take part in the Brobdingnagian picnic, to back horses and be gay and irresponsible, the atmosphere of London must have seemed rather a sad and forlorn one to her. If, however, she wanted to shop in peace, to have a good look round for just what she wanted, to lunch in luxury, or to go for a taxi expedition with a friend, then London last week was just what she wanted. I imagine, however, that the last kind of woman is rather a rarity. Ascot is a meeting of almost irresistible attraction, even if it is a case of "cut the 'osses and come to the company" with a very large percentage of those present.

A Wonderful Sight. No one has described, or ever will describe, the sight of this great royal meeting as a whole adequately. So much goes to make it up, and the canvas is so immense. The moment when the Royal Procession swings round to come from the course to the entrance of the Royal Pavilion is one which, if a second or two is spared from the procession itself, is absolutely amazing. Everyone is doing what in them lies to see, whether it be a Duke and Duchess in the Royal Enclosure or a pearly dandy and his donah from the very near East at the ropes

evening garden fête which promises very pleasantly. The King and Queen will be away for a week in Scotland from the 8th, and, in spite of all that has been said and written, it is yet on the cards that there will be a royal garden party, even if it be of an almost impromptu character.

Weather for All. It was dull and sometimes chilly on the opening day at Ascot, and the men were charmed. Black coats and top-hats are not the most comfortable wear on hot days. It was nothing to them that the women present were in thin frocks, and had brought beautiful sunshades which they could not use, and wore hats suited for a June day. However, we had our turn later, and then the men looked a little uncomfortable. I saw the meeting described as a black-and-white Ascot. Never was a greater mistake: colour was the feature of dress on the occasion. There were pink-and-white muslin frocks, and red-and-white, and green-and-white, and mauve and blue and white. Blue was greatly worn, and blue, too, about which there could be no mistake—it was so very blue. Green in many shades was to be seen. There were several yellow gowns; pink was much worn, and so was orchid-mauve, and deeper shades of purple. It was also apparent that brown and mulberry and ochre are in some favour—it was, in fact, decidedly a colour Ascot, and, as such, very delightful to look at, and becoming to our sex, whether individually or collectively.



BY A DECORATOR WHOSE WORK FORMS A GIFT FOR A GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A QUEEN ANNE ROOM DESIGNED BY MR. ARTHUR DE LISSA AND EXECUTED BY MESSRS. FRYERS, LTD., OF HENRIETTA STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

Among the gifts for guests at the Midnight Ball, at the Savoy, is one to the value of fifty guineas, given by Messrs. Fryers, Ltd., of 6, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, and represented by the decoration of a room by Mr. Arthur de Lissa, a specimen of whose excellent work is seen above.

at the far side of the course. Everyone is good-humoured, and smiles and cheers greet the King and Queen on all sides as they arrive to take their pleasure with their people. There are, of course, several sections of Society, all neatly labelled—the Royal Enclosure contingent, the Grand Stand and Boxes set, and those who come down for the day's outing and fend for themselves; also the crowd, which is again subdivided. A common meeting-ground for the first two sets is the Paddock, and usually the visitors from the Grand Stand form a very poor opinion of the dress of the great folk from the Royal Enclosure. On the other hand, the Enclosure ladies are frequently struck by the Grand Stand fashions, and sometimes they are struck comical!

And the Rest. Now that Ascot, which marks the zenith of the season, is over, we think about what is to come. This week is full, the event of great interest being the Midnight Ball—such an one as never was, and never again will be. Writing as I do with the event in immediate prospect, I feel quite excited, as before what will be a real revel. There is Alexandra Day—one we all delight to honour; and on Saturday their Majesties, back from an industrial tour in the Midlands, attend a parade of the London Fire Brigade in Hyde Park. There are dances many, polo much, bazaars moderately, and on the 29th comes the last State Ball of the season, the one postponed from May 12, when the Court was placed in mourning by the death of the Duke of Argyll. Through July there are already a fair number of social fixtures. Should the weather be good there will be more, for many hostesses delight to give garden-parties when circumstances permit; and I hear of an

Miles of Motor-Cars.

One of the sights of the meeting was the miles of cars waiting outside when the last races were being run. It was not very easy to get one up, and some of the owners became rather heated over the delay and wished they had journeyed by train; these incidents are, however, inseparable from all crowds. The King looked very well, and was evidently enjoying himself greatly, laughing and talking with his friends. The Queen, too, looked handsome and happy in all her charming toilettes, and although she is said not to care greatly for racing, I saw her following with evident interest Lord Rosebery's exposition of the horses as they did the preliminary canter before a big race. King Manuel and Queen Augusta Victoria walked about in the Paddock, as did the Grand Duke Michael and his daughters and Prince Arthur of Connaught. The other royalties, except their Majesties, took strolls in the Royal Enclosure.

It is not, perhaps, always realised that the production of a new perfume is a long and arduous undertaking. There is therefore just cause for congratulating the well-known and old-established firm of Messrs. Grossmith and Sons on the addition of another to their series of Eastern perfumes. Japan, India, and Arabia have each been laid under contribution with three noted perfumes. Now the inspiration has come from Ceylon, the land of spice-laden breezes and exotic vegetation. Wana Rancee, as the new perfume is called, means "Queen of the Forest," and no more appropriate name could have been given to it. The makers have produced with the perfume a complete series of Wana Rancee toilet accessories.

Continued from page 386.]

"And we could see no break in rubber when it stood at half-a-sovereign."

"Both fictitious figures, of course," declared the broker, wonderfully wise after the event. "Rubber may get up to three shillings without much trouble, but there's a lot of tin to be lifted before the price sees £180 again."

"What do Nigerian costs come out at?"

All the Housemen turned towards a jobber from that market.

"Difficult to say," he replied. "Conditions vary so much in different districts. You can take £90 a ton as low."

"That's not £50 a ton profit, I suppose," Our Stroller surmised.

"Oh, no. Take extraction at 70 per cent., and you get, with tin at £140, about £98 per ton."

"Leaving £8 a ton profit."

"A good part of which goes in unexpected expenses. Unless tin bucks up, Cornwall and Nigeria are in for a poor patch. The situation will right itself when the American demand for tin-plate recovers."

"And not till then?"

"Can't see it till then, anyway. But the man who buys shares in a putrid market, when everything is against his industry, is the chap that rakes in the shekels later on. We've seen it plenty of times in the Jungle gold shares, for example."

The others nodded acquiescence.

"It will be the same with Canadian things," said one of the group. "I verily believe that if a man were to buy Little Trunks now, and put them away, he would see a handsome profit in a year or two."

"Same remark applies to Little Chathams and Caledonian Deferred."

"To say nothing of Brazil Railway Preferred and Cuban Ports."

"That's what you might call a bit risky," said the broker. "Take Cuban Ports. They are run up to 35, and then bumped back to 25. Repeat the dose as often as you like. Who makes the money?"

"The rumour-mongers," replied Our Stroller promptly. He had had Cuban Ports, you see.

"That Oil Market gets over me," admitted a newcomer. "Look at Spies. They ought to have gone down on that reduction in the dividend, but they didn't. Why?"

"Because the drop had taken place in advance," he was assured.

"Those thousands of shares sold down from twenty-three and seventeen shillings should have prepared us for this."

"They evidently prepared some folk—whom I wasn't one of," he added, with aspect so lugubrious that the other men laughed.

"Never mind, old chap. All the same a thousand years hence," one rallied him.

"There's true Stock Exchange philosophy for you," said his broker to Our Stroller as the pair stood once more in the Street. "Still, I can't help feeling in my bones that we are in for a better time, though it does happen to be the summer."

"Mexico," Our Stroller reminded him, and the broker confessed that there might be some way to go before things straightened out there. "Come and get a cigar."

"Extravagance!" protested Our Stroller.

"Two of the usual, please." The assistant handed them over the counter. "Thanks." He turned to Our Stroller. "Extravagant, eh? It will be all the same a thousand years hence!"

Saturday, June 20, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

H. A. G. (N. Wales).—We expressed our opinion pretty plainly in last week's Notes. We unhesitatingly advise a sale.

SOUTHERN.—(1) Fair; (2) No dividend probable for several years; (3) First-class.

SAILAWAY.—The information should be sought from a solicitor before doing anything; but we feel pretty sure that you are right.

H. C. (Lincoln).—(1) Yes; (2) St. James' and Pall Mall, or the one you mention. Another time, please give full name and address when writing, which will not be published.

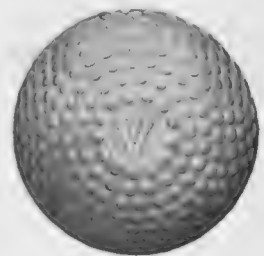
QUERCUS.—We think the shares should recover, although they have a long way to go. On the whole, we consider you might sell some at any rate, and buy Modder "B"—see this week's Notes.

SAFETY.—Both securities are excellent, but we should prefer the new Port of London stock to the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Bond, as security is your first object.

C. B.—Sorry your letter arrived too late for reply last week. All your shares are looked upon as a fair speculation in the market; but as there is no special attraction in (2) we should not buy any more. (1) Hold. (3) Certainly hold for your price. (4) A further purchase should turn out all right. You must realise, however, that the revival may be delayed a long time.

E. A. L.—We cannot trace the "A" Debentures: there are First Mortgage Debentures, quoted at 75, and a 4 per Cent. Debenture stock standing at 58. Both very nominal as regards market. Should advise only as a thoroughly speculative lock-up.

A. F. W.—Courtaulds are well worth keeping. We feel less confident about the two others. The third have fallen heavily, and might be kept for an upward reaction.



*Two well-known
champions for
long-distance driving.*

DUNLOP

TYRES AND DUNLOP
"V" GOLF BALLS.

ON LELANT TOWANS
GOLF COURSE.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry,
Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W. 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.



GARINISH ISLAND, PARKNASILLA.

Photo by Smith & Co., Liverpool.

THE SUNNY SOUTH OF IRELAND IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORTS

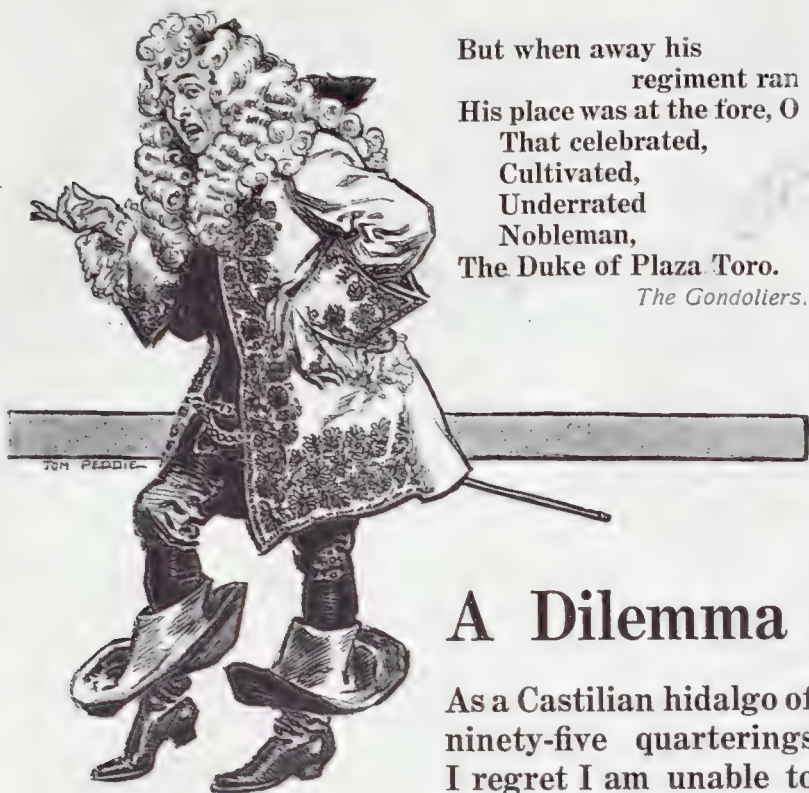
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Charming Scenery, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Shooting, Golfing, etc. Upwards of 150 miles of Magnificent Motor Coaching over "The Prince of Wales" and "Grand Atlantic" Coach Routes. First-Class Hotels. Combined Rail and Hotel Tickets from all Principal Towns in the United Kingdom

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TOURIST EXPRESSES BETWEEN DUBLIN & KILLARNEY DURING THE SEASON

Write for Descriptive Booklets to Tourist Office, Kingsbridge, Dublin.



But when away his
regiment ran
His place was at the fore, O
That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza Toro.
The Gondoliers.

A Dilemma

As a Castilian hidalgo of ninety-five quarterings I regret I am unable to afford those delightful cigarettes which alone are in keeping with the dignity of the Duke of Plaza Toro. As a Castilian hidalgo of that description I should have preferred to have paid my visit with a plentiful supply of 'Lucanas'; but owing to the insuperable difficulties which meet me at every turn I am compelled to forego that delectable pleasure. Although I am unhappily in straitened circumstances at present, my social influence is something enormous; and a Company, to be called the Duke of Plaza Toro, Limited, is in course of formation to work me. That accomplished there will be once more a plentiful supply of 'Lucana' Cigarettes for

HIS GRACE OF PLAZA TOR—
AND HIS GRACE'S DUCHESS TRUE—
AND HIS GRACE'S DAUGHTER, TOO—
AND HIS GRACE'S PRIVATE DRUM.

W. S. GILBERT (SLIGHTLY ADAPTED.)

SANDORIDES "Lucana" CIGARETTES

are subtly distinctive. They possess a flavour and aroma entirely their own. They tempt you to take one more—and one more. And yet they are the cigarettes which you may smoke continuously without a suspicion of "throatiness." The secret is in the exclusive growths of leaf which are reserved and secured at great cost solely for 'Lucana' Cigarettes.

	100	25	10
'CODE' EB EGYPTIAN BLEND	- 6/-	1/6	7½
'CODE' TO TURKISH LEAF	- 5/3	1/4	6½
'CODE' LV VIRGINIA LEAF	- 4/9	1/3	6d

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No. 2 'Lucana' Gilbert & Sullivan Series

CUT OUT THESE RECIPES AND KEEP THEM.

Summer Drinks

As served at the Savoy
And how to make them.

CUPS :

CHAMPAGNE CUP.

Put a quantity of broken ice into a jug, pour upon the ice a bottle of champagne, add a liqueur glass of cognac, a liqueur glass of white curaçoa, with a dash of maraschino, two slices of cucumber or lemon peel, and a bottle of PERRIER. Stir up well.

HOCK CUP.

Put a quantity of broken ice into a jug, pour upon the ice a bottle of still hock, add two slices of lemon, a tablespoonful of sugar, a liqueur glass of brandy, with a dash of white curaçoa, and a bottle of PERRIER. Stir up well before serving.

COCKTAILS :

BRANDY SMASH.

Fill half-pint tumbler with chipped ice, put in a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, squeeze half a lemon in, add half a wineglassful of brandy, the yolk of an egg, shake well, fill up with PERRIER water, and serve with straws.

GOLDEN FIZZ.

Fill half-pint tumbler with chipped ice, put in a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, squeeze half a lemon in, add half a wineglassful of old gin, the yolk of an egg, shake well, fill up with PERRIER water, and serve with straws.

LIGHT NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINKS :

AMERICAN LEMONADE.

Take a soda-water glass and fill with chipped ice, squeeze a whole lemon in, add a tablespoonful - and - a - half of powdered sugar, fill up the glass with PERRIER water, shake up well, place a slice of lemon on top, and serve with straws.

PERRIER NOGG.

Fill a large soda-glass with chipped ice, put in a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, and a new-laid egg. Fill up with PERRIER water and serve with straws.

The Perrier Co. have published a little Book entitled "Summer Drinks," containing many useful recipes. This will be sent free on request to Perrier, Ltd., 45, Wigmore Street, London, W.

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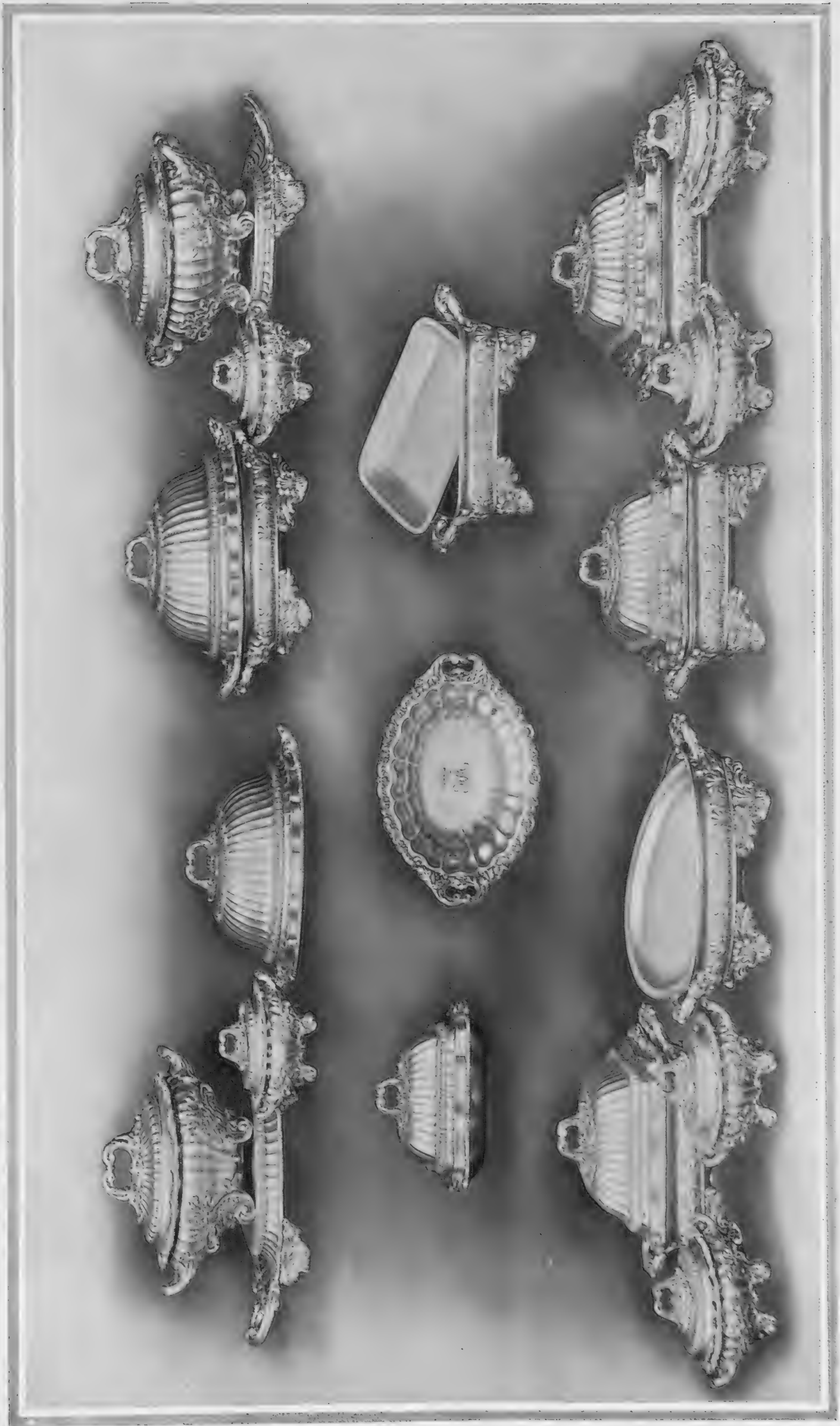
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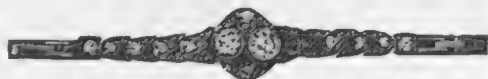


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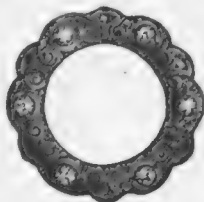
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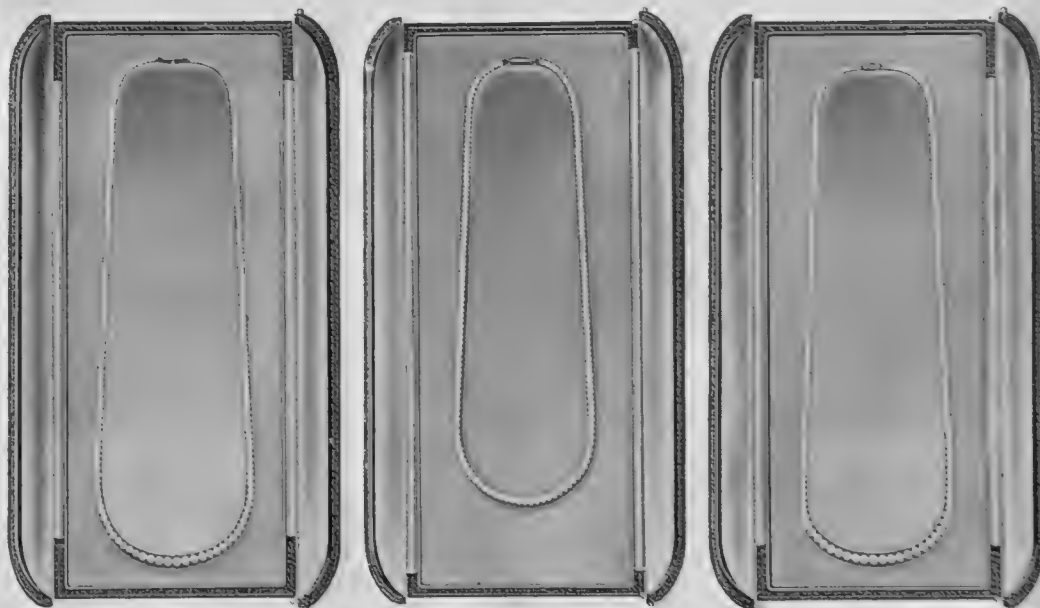
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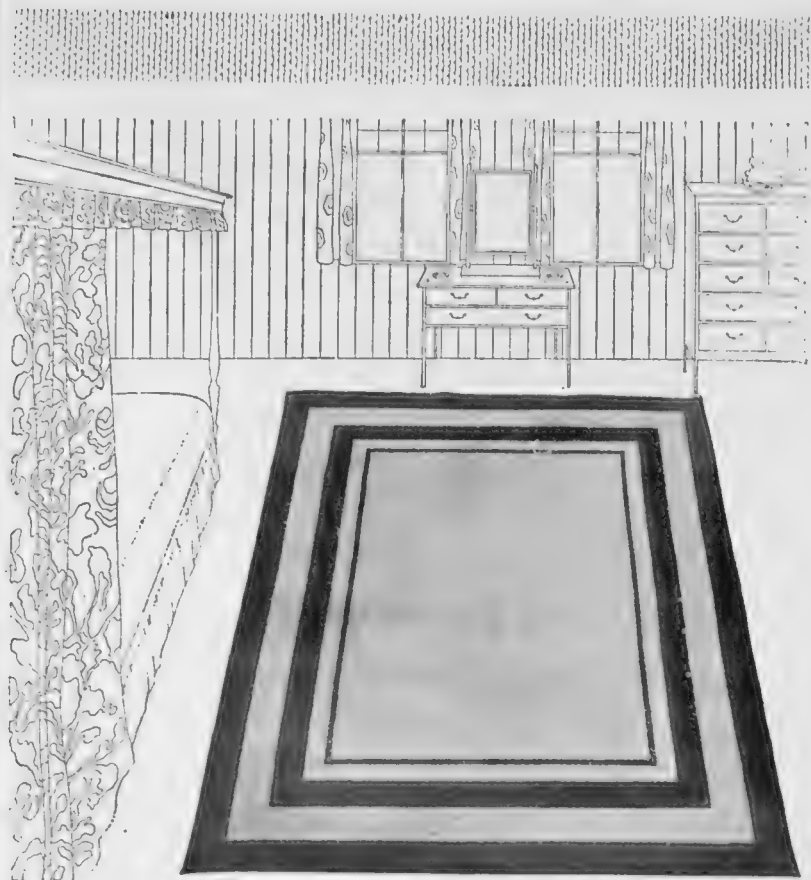


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"To the feminine mind the growth of hair where it is not wanted is a degree more deplorable than its failure to grow where it is. In northern countries at least it is no use to point out that a pencilled line on the upper lip is regarded as a beauty in Andalusia. Fashion refuses to accept the Andalusian standard, and even in southern Spain fashion draws the line at the feminine beard. In this respect fashion has not been fickle, and for many centuries there has been eager quest for the application which will prevent and remove the growth of superfluous hair. That problem was unsolved until a few years ago, when science provided a remedy in the shape of the electric needle. Nevertheless, all sorts of assertions to the contrary are continually made with the object of selling depilatories at exorbitant prices. It should be known that all such assertions are false. There is no paste or cream or powder yet discovered which will permanently remove hair which makes its appearance on lip or chin without danger of permanently disfiguring the face.

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THE OPERA-HOUSES.

IN all probability Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera, "Le Coq d'Or," will be the best-discussed production of the Drury Lane season—less by reason of the music's charm or the astonishing audacity of the setting than on account of the startling and expensive device of giving the work to two companies—the action to mimes and dancers, the music to singers. Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that this method did not originate in the composer's brain. Stephen Mallarmé, whose "Après-midi d'une Faune" inspired first Debussy and then Nijinsky, appears to have been first in the field with the idea of separating action from utterance, and Léon Bakst is said to have expressed himself enthusiastically in favour of the division, but last week's performance in London is reputed to be the earliest attempt to put the theories into practice. It succeeds. "Le Coq d'Or" is a mischievous and satirical fairy-story, and anything is possible in such a fairyland as Pushkin's—even the action in dumb show on the stage and the singing by red-gowned groups arranged in tiers on either side. There is one very definite advantage. The Queen of Shemakhan must be a coloratura soprano and a first-class dancer, and the world's opera-stage does not boast a woman who is both; but with Mme. Dubrowolska to sing the rôle, and Karsavina to dance and act it, the ear and eye are feasted.

The story of "Le Coq d'Or" will be so familiar by now that it may well be unnecessary to dwell upon it, but the nature of Pushkin's intentions is very hard to answer. At Drury Lane last week the audience decided to treat the whole work as a jest. It laughed at Dodon and his chief general, it enjoyed the burlesque soldiery; Dodon's attempts to make love and the Queen of Shemakhan's contempt for him were found merely mirth-provoking, and yet there were moments when the music and the words in their English dress hinted at something far removed from comedy. Whether Russia has the secret and has decided to keep it, or it has gone beyond recall with the man who wrote the story and the man who set it to music, is a question to which no answer is forthcoming; there is only the evidence that words and music hint at of a large and serious purpose dressed in all the trappings that summon laughter. While the simplicity of King Dodon is reflected in his music, the Queen of Shemakhan has a strangely complex score into which the composer has, beyond all doubt, brought music second to none he ever wrote. There is the usual leaven of folk-song elsewhere in the opera, and a dance-theme borrowed, with due acknowledgment, from Moussorgsky, who lived for some years with Rimsky-Korsakoff; but the most significant utterances are the composer's own, and the best of them are allotted to the mysterious Queen who compasses the death of

the princes, the army, and finally of King Dodon himself, and then disappears to the accompaniment of a thunder-clap.

There is in St. Petersburg to-day a singularly clever and daring designer of dresses and stage scenery; her name is Nathalie Goutcharova. She is responsible for the dressing and mounting of "Le Coq d'Or" in a scheme that reminds one of the palette of the famous artists who gathered at the Café Querbois in the time of the Third Napoleon. Primary colouring, daring, bizarre, forcible, and yet attractive, it suggests nothing in the heavens above or on the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. Yet it is well to remember that fairyland may be elsewhere, and, whether on this or any other ground, the colour-scheme seems appropriate enough. Even Dodon's horse, which he mounted by the aid of a ladder, and the golden chariot in which he returns from the battlefield, and the strange deer with skins that seem to be made of glass beads, belong of right to the kingdom that Pushkin had explored. London was delighted with its first glimpse of the recovered kingdom—indeed, the enthusiasm was of a kind one does not associate with the Metropolis. It was seemingly impossible to refuse applause, even if "Le Coq d'Or" upset cherished convictions of operatic propriety. Perhaps the Russians deal so largely in works of tragic gloom that the chance of hearty laughter was too good to miss. "Le Coq d'Or" being a comparatively short opera, the ballet "Scheherazade" was added to complete the programme.

Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol," described as an opera-ballet, is founded upon one of Hans Andersen's exquisite stories, and it is hardly necessary to say how thoroughly the Chinese setting lends itself to stage decoration and dress in the skilled hands of M. Benois. The house was delighted and amazed. With Mme. Dubrowolska as the Nightingale and Stravinsky to write the music, preliminary interest could not fail to be stimulated, for the first-named is recognised as a great singer, and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" has made a host of friends. But those who would admire "Le Rossignol" as anything more than a series of wondrous tableaux must forget all about nightingales. Stravinsky's music has a certain barbaric splendour; it heightens and accentuates the stage pictures; but there is not from first to last of the accumulated discords as much as a short sequence of lyrical phrases. Has M. Stravinsky ever heard the nightingale in May? His music suggests that he must have heard it when the summer is at its height and bird song is on the wane, and the nightingale's golden notes have given place to something quite second-rate. But even the nightingale in the week before it becomes mute may rightfully demand an apology from M. Stravinsky unless it can find satisfaction in being traduced in some of the most wonderful surroundings the Russians have given us.

JULY CALENDAR

Newmarket First July ...	1, 2, 3
Carlisle Summer ...	1
Alexandra Park ...	4
Nottingham July ...	6, 7
Bibury Club (Salisbury) ...	7, 8, 9
Pontefract Summer ...	8, 9
Lingfield Park Summer ...	10, 11
Haydock Park Summer ...	10, 11
Newmarket Second July ...	14, 15, 16

SANDOWN PARK

July 17 and 18

Leicester Summer ...	20, 21
Ayr Summer ...	20, 21
Liverpool July ...	22, 23, 24
Hurst Park Summer ...	24, 25

GOODWOOD

July 28, 29, 30, 31

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